

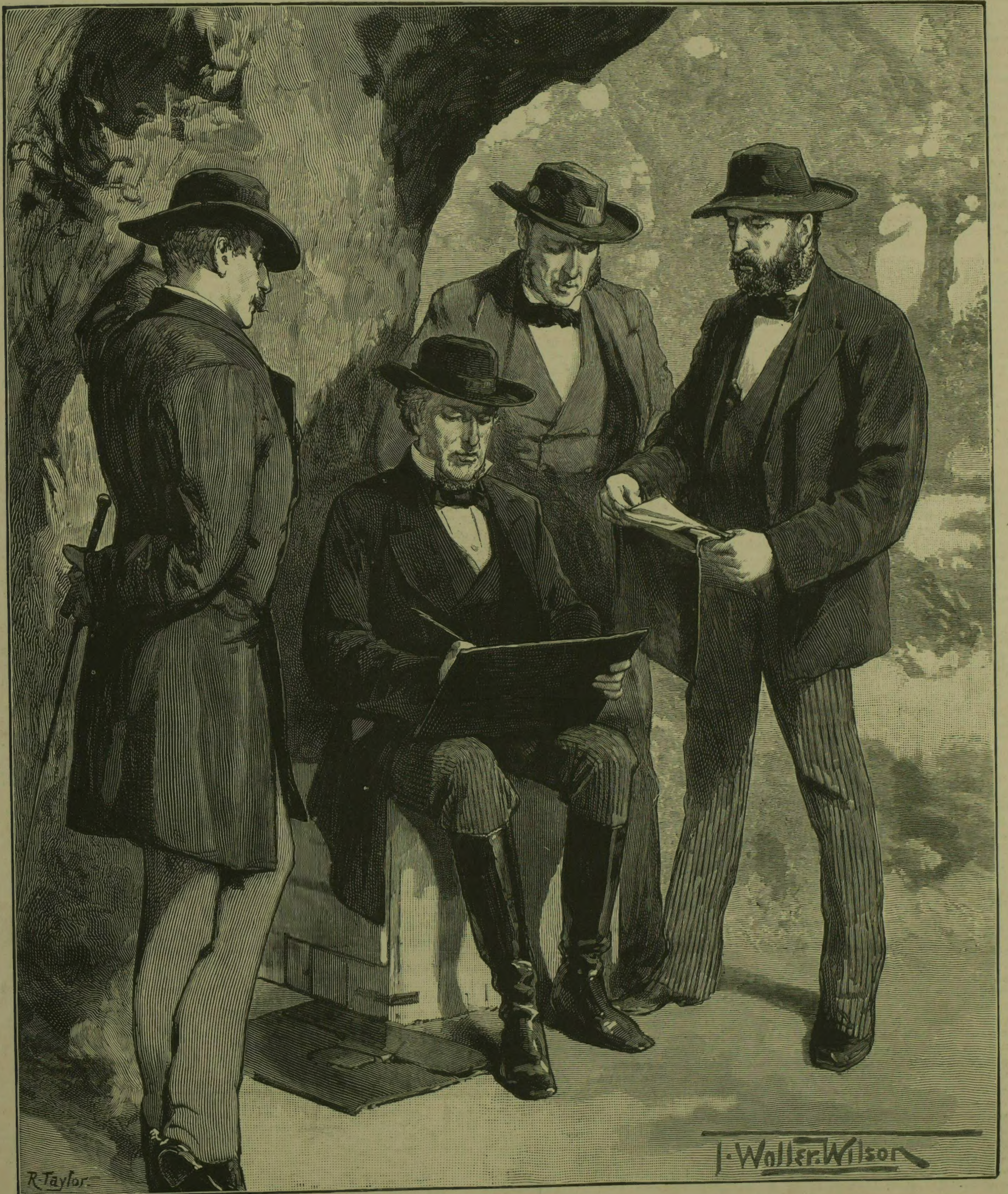
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LATE MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA, SIGNING OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS BY THE ROADSIDE  
IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

From the time when the Eastern King showed his treasures so triumphantly to his visitor, and probably before it, it has always been held unlucky to boast. No wise whistplayer ever brags of his winnings (and, indeed, in my forty years' experience, I have not known half a dozen who have confessed to having won at all). In the Stock Exchange, it is true, the fortunate speculator likes to tell you of his astuteness, and there is no one who more often comes to utter grief. The same thing holds good of things inanimate, and in nothing more so than the weather. It really seems that we have only got to boast of the weather for it to become atrocious: since the poet of "The Seasons" (who, by the way, spent most of his time in bed) sang of "ethereal spring," we have had snow in May continually. The weather, like a good boy, is all very well if you let it alone, but if you praise it you spoil it. Last winter, when it was a little foggy in London, an injudicious resident in Ventnor wrote to the papers: "The skies here are Italian," &c. His letter did not appear for a week, because postal communication between the Isle of Wight and the mainland was totally interrupted by fogs compared with which our London ones were diaphanous. The same sort of thing has happened this winter. The weather was well enough, and even mild, when some horticulturist, living in some out-of-the-way part of the country, where it doesn't signify to above a dozen people *what* the weather is, wrote in his flowery way to say it was balmy. "The roses are blooming as if June; the daffy down dillies [or whatever they were] are luxuriant; the pinks are the pink of perfection." *Why* he did it, Heaven knows; with all his egotism he could hardly have expected us to travel two hundred miles or so by train to look at his confounded garden; but he did do it. The consequence was, it instantly began to freeze. "Winter has unmistakably commenced in the Lake district" flashed the telegram, "and snow has fallen to a depth of six feet in the Scottish Highlands." The next day our water-pipes in London began to freeze, with the object (afterwards carried out) of bursting on the first opportunity. I do wish our horticulturists would mind their own business—be content with their own "Flora," and not pay out-of-season compliments to the season. Let them leave well—and the weather—alone.

The catastrophe with the elephant at Barnum's show has been told in more than one way, but there seems no reason to doubt the facts as they appeared at the inquest. The "huge earth-shaking beast" appears to have crushed his keeper without knowing it. This is rather at variance with his character for nicety of discernment and sensitiveness of touch. If Charles Reade had been alive, he would certainly have had a theory of his own upon the matter. It was that great artist's way to study subjects from the life, and elephants were one of them. His "Jack of All Trades" was, I have no doubt, a true story, so far as its natural history is concerned. "Once an elephant injures you," says one in it who owns one, "he will never forgive you. So long as he has never hurt you, there's a fair chance he never will; but otherwise, if you have much to do with him, your death-warrant is signed." He goes on to tell us that the elephant, full grown, is the most cunning, treacherous, and bloodthirsty of all the brute creation. There is, indeed, "no two ways with wild beasts. If there is a single white spot in your heart, leave them, for your life—if you are in the menagerie line—will be in danger every moment." Michelet, the predecessor of Van Amburgh, who lived half in a lion's mouth and half out of it, always looked out for mischief, and punished it before it came. "If one of his darlings curled a lip or showed a tooth he hit him over the mouth that instant, and nowhere else; if he elongated a claw, he hit him over the foot like lightning." Elephants are managed the same way, only more so. The public, of course, know nothing of this. The notions of the spectator or the amateur concerning even the merits and intelligence of the animal world are curiously at variance with those of the persons who have professionally to do with them. How often do we hear the horse extolled for its sagacity! "It can do everything but speak," cries its lady owner, who, however, rather spoils the compliment by adding, "he will follow me about *almost* like a dog," which, indeed, may happen when she has sugar to give him. As a matter of fact, the horse is the stupidest quadruped alive, except the sheep; shies at the same thing twenty times over, and is the only creature that requires blinkers.

An hotel waiter who, in consequence of an illness that befell me while at his master's establishment, became a friend of mine, once confided to me why a waiter's life is not a happy one. He said, "No sooner does a gent take to me and I to him, than he is off and away. (As to the other waiters, they are mostly furriners, or, even if not, as a rule they don't stop much longer.) If a gent ever do come back again to the 'otel—which is to the last degree unlikely, as you may judge—why, then I am gone. It is only when, like yourself, he falls ill, or breaks his leg, that any satisfaction, so to speak, is to be got out of him by a waiter. It is very hard on a fellow with any heart in him to live in a world of passing strangers." From what I knew of the goings-on between him and the chambermaid (and she was not the first one, either; she was the second chambermaid) I thought my napkin-carrying friend exaggerated his isolated position a little, and told him so; but he explained to me that it was not the absence of love he complained of, but of the sympathy between man and man. He couldn't stand the constantly changing visitors, who either treated him as an automaton, or, just as they got to know him well and love him, did not indeed die (like the gazelle), but took their departure. There really seems to be something in it, for a servant of Prince Esterhazy has lately hanged himself for similar reasons. The Prince, it seems, like Mr. Veneering, was always entertaining new people whom he (or at all events his domestic) knew nothing about, and this con-

stant succession of guests was too much for the man who waited upon them. "I always see new faces," he wrote, "which I do not know and which do not know me: people that I don't understand [probably "furriners"] and who don't understand me. Under such circumstances, what pleasure can a man find in life? None whatever. I therefore leave it." And he did so.

Though Dr. Watts has made a shocking example of the brute creation, and pointed out to us things to be avoided from the goings-on of bears, lions, and even that respected animal the dog, other philosophers have taken its side as it were, and shown how much we have to learn from it. Even insects, such as the bee and the ant, have been held up (very carefully and in gloves) as objects for our imitation; but hitherto I am not aware that the bird-world has been thus patronised. The dove, indeed, has been much cited, but chiefly by way of metaphor, and the same may be said of the eagle; the cassiowary has been enshrined in song, but rather to show how the difficulties of rhyme can be surmounted—

If I was a cassiowary  
In the plains of Timbuctoo,  
I would eat a missionary,  
Skin and bone and hymn-book too—

than with any moral aim. The whiffle-whaffle—but that is a mere legend; the dodo is now only quoted to enable a humorous reference to be made to its supposed female (the don't-don't). Upon the whole, in short, the feathered tribes as teachers have been neglected. There is "the Adjutant" of Calcutta, it is true, but he only gives a lesson to the Board of Works (now the County Council) as a scavenger. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that a bird has recently been made known to us which will, in time, no doubt come handy both to the philosopher and to the poet. It is the carriama—a pair of which are now to be seen in the Zoological Gardens. Their mission, it seems, is that of peacemakers. Unmindful of the distich that "they who in quarrels interpose are apt to have a bloody nose," they do interfere, and, having beaks and not noses, do so with impunity. "If two young cocks," the naturalist informs us, "inspired with a passion for the same hen, appeal to the duello, the carriama quickly steps in, and with a few pecks terminates the combat." This is a moral lesson to humanity which it should not hesitate to follow; but such interference, though on the highest principles, would, it must be confessed, be fraught with danger. We should get a few "pecks" ourselves. It may be all very well for the carriama; but we don't carry armour.

A lady in charge of a public-house bar was witness the other day to what would have struck less experienced minds as a phenomenon. There were ten pounds in gold and silver on the top of the till, and the heap was growing less and less from no perceptible cause. At last she noticed that a little hazel-rod with something sticky on it was visiting it occasionally. Some of us would, perhaps, have attributed this to witchcraft. She only said to herself, "Someone is fishing," and privately sent for a policeman, who captured the angler. When ordinary folk say of a fellow-creature "He is fishing," they mean he is in search of a compliment; when a lawyer says so, he means that the learned gentleman on the other side is making his case out of the witnesses as he goes on; but when a barmaid uses the expression she means exactly what she says. It is a common sport, it appears, with the frequenters of public-houses. Catching goldfish out of a bowl with a bent pin may be equally good fun, but it is not half so remunerative.

"Box and Cox," the first dramatic work ever produced in Iceland, has caused such enthusiasm in the island that a special law has had to be passed by Parliament forbidding its representation beyond a certain number of times. Everyone goes about holding both his sides with laughter, so that no work can be done. It is a great tribute to Mr. Maddison Morton's gift of humour, but should teach him (as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us *he* was taught) "not to write so funny as he can." What the Londoners can bear the Icelanders, it seems, cannot bear. They laugh till the tears are frozen on their cheeks (they cannot run down them because of the low temperature) at the printer and the latter occupying the same apartment without knowing it. What heightens their enjoyment, doubtless, is the incredibility of the story, for, as it is mostly all day or all night with them, such a double tenancy would be impossible in Iceland. Still, the sending a whole people into fits is a creditable feat to any playwright, and realises Johnson's tribute to one whose loss affected "the gaiety of nations."

It has been of late discovered by a wise physician that, though many of us eat much more than we ought to do, many—though they may be even the same people—go too long without food. Very many, alas! do so because they cannot help it, but he is speaking only of the well-to-do. How often one hears the man of business (who delights—quite independently of the advertisement—to describe himself as overworked) declare that he has "really no time for lunch"! He either takes it standing, and like the Israelites in haste, at a refreshment bar, or he does not take it at all. In the former case, he is laying the foundations of a lasting indigestion; in the latter, he obtains a victory over the flesh, but dearly bought. About an hour after his usual time for refreshment he is no longer hungry; then he flatters himself that whereas he was wont to be the slave of appetite he has accomplished his freedom, but he has done nothing of the kind. He has only become what is vulgarly termed "lear": no longer desirous of food, because sick for the want of it. There are individuals, it is true, who eat so rapaciously at other meals that they do not require lunch. The anaconda indulges himself (to put it delicately) in the pleasures of the table so inordinately when he gets the chance that he doesn't eat again for a fortnight. The North American Indian finds a substitute for luncheon in tightening his waistbelt and smoking incessantly. But respect-

able clients in the City would resent such devices. In nine cases out of ten professional men require a midday meal. If they don't get it their temper goes, and they quarrel with their clerks, and—what is of far more consequence—become testy with their business visitors. Secondly, their intelligence suffers, and in attempting to get the better of these gentry they over-reach themselves. They fancy they are saving time, but in reality they are losing money, and all for the want of that glass of sherry and a chop which nature demands. It often happens that the man who piques himself on being seen "between one and two" has to "surrender" between those very hours in the Court of Bankruptcy. While the motto, therefore, for the invalid is "Constant support," that of him who has his work to do in the world should be "Never go too long without food."

## THE COURT.

The Queen held a private investiture of the Order of the Bath at Windsor Castle on Dec. 5, when Sir H. C. Rawlinson, in the Civil Division, and Admiral Sir Arthur W. Hood, in the Military Division, were each invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross. Dr. John Thomas Banks, Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty in Ireland, then received the honour of Knighthood, and was invested by her Majesty with the Insignia of the Second Class of the Order, Civil Division. The Queen has forwarded to Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart a letter expressing her Majesty's condolence with him on the death of his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce. Mr. W. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith arrived in the evening on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner party. On the 7th the Boys of Christ's Hospital of the Foundation of King Charles II. exhibited their drawings and charts to her Majesty, who selected those drawn by Frank Reginald Pendleton, James Hall, Alexander Brown, Charles Batt, and Gregory Robinson. Luncheon was served in the dining-room for the gentlemen and boys of the school. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Sir William Jenner, Bart., and Lieutenant-Colonel Collins arrived at the castle. Her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the Private Chapel on Sunday morning, the 8th. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Dean of Llandaff, Master of the Temple. The Dean of Llandaff preached the sermon. The Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson and the Dean of Llandaff had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Duke of Cambridge, who was attended by Colonel FitzGeorge, arrived at Windsor Castle on the 9th on a visit to the Queen, and dined with her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Portland and Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, reached the palace at the same time, and were included in the Royal dinner party.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a county ball, in the large room at Sandringham House, on Dec. 6. Among those present were the following guests staying in the house: the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène, the Duc de Chartres, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Viscountess Mandeville, Earl and Countess of Gosford, Earl and Countess De Grey, Viscount Drumlanrig, Lord and Lady Suffield, Miss Knollys, Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, Hon. Assheton Harbord, Major Seymour Wynne-Finch, Mr. H. Calcraft, Mr. A. Montgomery, Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, Sir Francis Knollys, and Hon. H. Tyrwhitt-Wilson. On the 7th the Prince and Princess attended the meet of the West Norfolk hounds at Hillington Hall, where his Royal Highness presented to Claydon, the huntsman, a valuable testimonial, which had been subscribed for by members of the hunt in recognition of his twenty years' service. Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., and Canon Duckworth arrived at Sandringham in the evening on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Royal party were present on Sunday morning, the 8th, at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, M.A., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, who preached the sermon. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, Princess Hélène, and the Duc de Chartres, with their suite, drove from Sandringham to King's Lynn, attended Divine service at the Roman Catholic church of St. Mary, and then returned to Sandringham. The Prince left Sandringham on the 9th for London to visit the Smithfield Cattle Show, before going to Essex on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke, at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, a large party having been invited to meet his Royal Highness. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, Princess Hélène, the Duc de Chartres, and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour also left. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went from Sandringham to Didlington Hall on a visit to Mr. W. A. Amherst, M.P.

## SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

The Christmas show of the Smithfield Club opened at Islington on Dec. 9. This year the show is not so large numerically in the principal classes as compared with last year; but on that occasion the number of entries was exceptionally large. Altogether, the total is 544, comprising cattle, 265; sheep, 205; and pigs, 74. The total last year was 601; in 1887, 566; and in 1886, 487. The prize money for which the live stock compete is £3239. Among the distinguished personages—besides the Queen and the Prince of Wales—who are exhibitors at the present show are the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Bristol, the Marquis of Bute; the Earls of Coventry, Onslow, Rosebery, Strathmore, Winterton, and Dartmouth; Lords Hothfield, Tredegar, Baron De Rothschild, and numerous well-known agriculturists. The Queen was remarkably successful. With thirteen exhibits her Majesty took eleven prizes, including that for the champion beast in the entire show. The Prince of Wales took one first, one second, and two third prizes for sheep. Among the visitors were the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, and Mr. Chaplin, Minister of Agriculture.

The Smithfield Club held their annual meeting at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the 10th. Lord Moreton was elected president for 1890, and the Duke of Portland invited to fill the office in 1891.

The annual sale of her Majesty's Christmas fat stock, bred and fed upon the Royal farms, was held on Dec. 6, at the Prince Consort's Farm in Windsor Park, and was attended by a large number of buyers from various parts of the country. Previous to the disposal of the stock the company, about 300 in number, were entertained to luncheon in one of the home-stead buildings. The catalogue comprised 41 Shorthorn, Devon, Galloway, and Hereford bullocks, 470 prime Hampshire Down, Cheviot, Highland, and Southdown sheep, and 100 bacon hogs and porkers, the property of the Queen; and 15 Devon bullocks and 41 Berkshire pigs from the Duke of Connaught's estate at Bagshot Park. All the stock was in capital condition, and realised good prices. The sale of the Queen's stock produced £3740, and that of the Duke of Connaught £540, the total thus being £4280.



## THE LATE MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The death, at New Orleans, on Thursday, Dec. 5, of Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was President of the Confederate Southern States of America during the Civil War, from February 1861 to April 1865, removes from the world a man very conspicuous in the American history of that period, but comparatively obscure for nearly a quarter of a century past. After two years' imprisonment on a charge of high treason against the Federal Government of the United States, he was released, in May 1867, on bail; and the prosecution was remitted in December 1868, since which time he has lived as a private gentleman on his estate at Beauvoir, in Mississippi, and seldom appeared on any public occasion. He managed a Texas railway and a life-insurance company. In 1881 he published a book in two volumes, entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government"; and in 1886, at Montgomery, in Alabama, he presided at the dedication of a monument to the fallen soldiers of the Confederate Army of the Southern States. He was eighty-one years of age when he died, while a visitor at the house of his friend Mr. J. U. Payne of New Orleans. The interest belonging to his brief career as President of the Southern Confederacy is now purely historical, as there is no party remaining which can ever think of reviving hostility to the Union. Personally, Mr. Jefferson Davis was neither a hero nor a statesman of eminent qualities, beyond that of obstinate determination; and his fellow-citizens, even in the Southern States, have no cause to regard his memory with gratitude and honour. But the adventurous nature of his performances, and their signal defeat, costing an enormous sacrifice of valuable lives and an incalculable destruction of property, rendered the undertaking associated with the name of Jefferson Davis for ever memorable, though greatly to be disapproved and deplored.

Jefferson Davis was born in Kentucky on June 3, 1808. While he was still a child the family removed to the State of Mississippi, with which he was ever afterwards connected. At the age of sixteen he went to the Military Academy at West Point, obtaining four years later a commission as Second Lieutenant. For the next seven years he seems to have been occupied with military duties, which consisted chiefly in keeping the Indians in check. In 1835 he married the daughter of General, afterwards President, Taylor, and settled down in Mississippi as a cotton-planter, upon the estate left him by his father, until 1845, when he was returned as one of the members for Mississippi to the House of Representatives. There he took part in debates on all the questions of the time. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican War he was chosen Colonel of the Mississippi Volunteers, whereupon he resigned his seat and joined the army of his father-in-law on the Rio Grande. He served with distinction at the battle of Buena Vista, assisted at the storming of Monterey, and was one of the commissioners appointed to arrange its capitulation. In 1847 Mr. Davis was elected Senator for Mississippi. In 1850 he became Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and in March 1851 was re-elected Senator for Mississippi, a position secured to him for six years. At that time the public mind was greatly agitated by the "compromise measures" on the slavery question. The active part which Mr. Davis took in this controversy led to his becoming a candidate for the elective Governorship of the State of Mississippi. He was not elected, but at the end of 1852 he was asked to join the Cabinet of the President-elect, Mr. Franklin Pierce. Mr. Davis declined, but being again pressed became Secretary for War. Under his administration much activity was shown in surveying routes for railway communication between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific coast, increasing the efficiency of the army, and carrying on experiments in gunnery. He was, in 1857, again chosen Senator for Mississippi, and had ample opportunities of plunging into the great quarrel then raging around the organisation of Kansas, which was to bring the dispute to a point. On one side it was maintained that, whatever permission of slavery might unhappily have been incorporated in the Union, the American people ought at any rate not to tolerate its extension to newly formed States. On the other side it was held that the migration of slaves into new territory did not constitute an extension of slavery, and also that the Constitution required that the people of every new State should be left free to say for themselves whether they would have slaves or not. This theory of State rights was at last



THE LATE MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

pushed to such a degree as to cause the great Civil War, which was not waged, in the first instance, for the abolition of slavery, but to determine the power of the Federal Congress over new State Legislatures. It might possibly have arisen, some time or other, if the Southern States and the slave-holding interest had possessed a majority of votes in Congress, with the control of the Federal Executive, in such a manner that the Northern States, inspired with Abolitionist feeling, would have been the Secession party. Mr. Jefferson Davis, however, was the author of the seven Resolutions passed in May 1860 by the Senate, in which it was asserted that neither Congress nor the Legislature of any Territory could prohibit slavery in such Territory, and that Congress could neither prohibit nor permit the institution of slavery in any State applying for admission to the Union. The refusal of the Lower House of Congress to concur in these Resolutions led to the great Southern agitation. Mr. Davis was a leading member of the secret caucus of Southern Senators which met at the Capitol on Jan. 5, 1861, and framed the scheme of revolution which was afterwards put into action. The States of South Carolina and Mississippi immediately seceded from the Union, and Mr. Davis withdrew from the Senate. A few weeks later he was chosen President of the Confederate States under their provisional government.

able men saw that the South was virtually beaten, Mr. Jefferson Davis still advocated resistance; but shortly after the capture of Richmond, and the surrender of General Lee's army to General Grant, Mr. Jefferson Davis was a fugitive, seeking means of escape from the columns of Federal troops, which were closing in upon him from all directions. Our Special Artist was with the unlucky President's party, and then made the Sketches of Mr. Jefferson Davis signing official documents at the roadside, handed to him by Mr. Benjamin, his Secretary of State; and of the scene on the Pe-dee River, in North Carolina, when his train of horses, mules, and waggons and escort of cavalry were disturbed in crossing the stream by an alarm of the enemy approaching. A few days later Mr. Jefferson Davis was captured by a force of Union cavalry at Irwinstown and taken to Fort Monroe, where he was kept prisoner for two years. He was brought up at Richmond, in May 1867, on a charge of high treason, and was admitted to bail, a further charge against him of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln being abandoned.

The weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Dec. 10 was arranged by Mr. Frank Farren. Miss Rosina Fillippi and Mr. Farren gave the well-known scene from "The Hunchback," the lady making a handsome Helen and Mr. Frank Farren an excellent Modus. The gentleman also gave a musical sketch, and took part in "A Lyrical Lover" with Miss Florence Wood, who played her part in a charmingly natural manner. Mr. Andrew Levey, Mr. J. Pitts, Mr. S. J. Waud, and Mr. J. Carrodus jun. played a quartet of Beethoven's, and the last-named gentleman performed "Reverie" on the violoncello with great effect. There was abundant applause.

The entertaining drama of "London Day by Day" continues to draw large audiences night by night to the Adelphi, where the striking part of the chief villain of the piece, De Belleville, was, during the illness of M. Marius, well sustained by that rising young actor Mr. James East.

Dr. Longstaff, of Wandsworth, who gave a reading-room, built at a cost of £2000, to the Public Library of that district, has now offered to subscribe another £2000 towards the debt of £4000 remaining upon the library, provided a similar sum be raised before the end of March. In the matter of free libraries South London seems to be far ahead of the other districts of the Metropolis.

The Earl of Dalkeith, who was formerly an officer in the Royal Navy, and who succeeded to the title on the death of his elder brother, has been appointed to command the Border Rifle Volunteers.



INAUGURATION OF MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, AT RICHMOND, AS PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN STATES IN 1861.





MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS PARTY RETREATING ACROSS THE PE-DEE RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE FALL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, 1865.



MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS ESCORT TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS CAPTURE.





THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION: CAMP AT KINSHASSA, ON THE CONGO, WITH TIPPOO TIB'S HEADQUARTERS.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERBERT WARD, A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION



THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

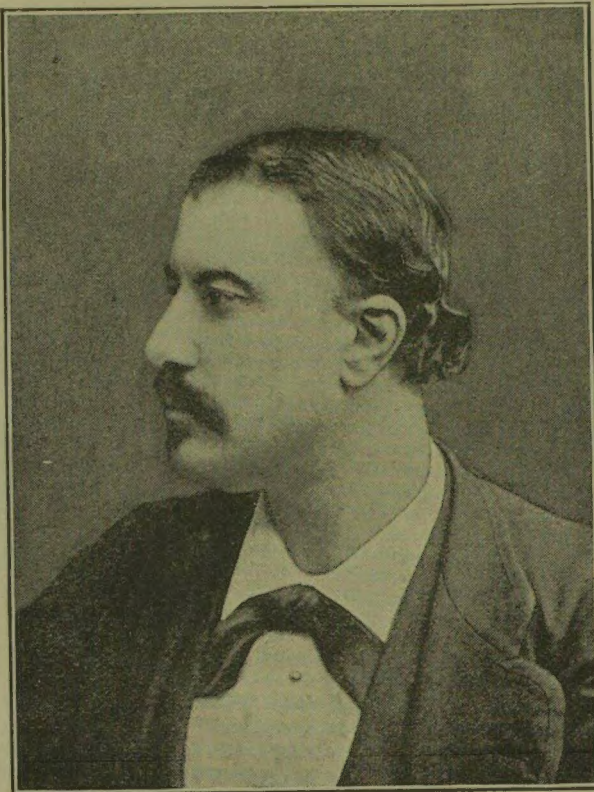
THE CAMP AT KINSIIASSA, STANLEY POOL.

Stanley Pool, the discoverer tells us, is a lake-like expansion of the Congo, about 250 square miles in extent, of which Bambo and the other islands in it cover forty-two square miles. On the southern shore the mountainous ridge, which forms the left bank of the river above, recedes from the immediate neighbourhood of the river a few miles beyond Kimpopo, leaving a series of low hills which descend to an alluvial plain between the river and the base of the mountain ring, terminating three miles to the south-west of Leopoldville. On the verge of this alluvial plain, close by the river, are placed Kimpopo, Mikunga, Kimbanga, Kindolo, Kinshassa, and Kintamo; and farther inland, near the foot of the mountains, are other large villages. Kinshassa is now a European station of importance, and was the scene of the expeditionary camp of Mr. Stanley, adjacent to the headquarters of Tippoo Tib. The first mention of Kinshassa in Mr. Stanley's "The Congo, and Founding of its Free State," is in remarkable contrast with his latest experiences. In February 1881, at his camp opposite Kilolo Point, two missionaries, Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley, informed him that they had just withdrawn from Kinshassa, where they had been met by a furious multitude who ordered them back. Under pressure they slowly retired, but the natives advanced upon them and levelled muskets, knives, spears, and bludgeons at them as though they would annihilate them on the spot. For a time they had every dreadful reason to expect certain massacre. Finally, however, the chief Nehuvila decided to let them depart safely. They had in the immediate neighbourhood, however, sundry other narrow escapes. Mr. Stanley visited Kinshassa New Year's Day 1882, in the first steamer on the Upper Congo. Large crowds came out to meet him; but, instead of the angry demonstration that drove the missionaries away the year before, his reception was most flattering. The chief Nehuvila was there, a tall, thin, bronze-coloured old man of seventy-five. The visit was spent "socially and mannerly." In 1883 Mr. Stanley passed Kinshassa, and describes it nestling under the shade of its mighty baobab, the low bank near the village being lined by a wall of black bodies, who gave him and his flotilla a rousing cheer as they steamed past, dipping their ensigns to show their friendly appreciation. In the same year a small station had been established at Kinshassa, where were some five hundred new banana plants.

Some months later, Mr. Stanley has recorded another pleasant note upon this region of Leopoldville, where he found substantial proofs visible of the competency of Lieutenant Valcke as chief. A large house, having nine commodious rooms for the lodging of Europeans, had been put up; a small station established at Kinshassa; some five hundred new banana plants thriving in a garden; and the community and its belongings altogether in a most prosperous condition. In 1884 the Kinshassa station was almost completed, and in the pioneer's later notes on the Congo climate he particularly mentions the district for its healthful climate. Mr. Swinburne, he says, one of the faithful among the expedition, was always sick, whether at Vivi, Manyanga, or Leopoldville; but being dispatched to Kinshassa, on Stanley Pool, only five miles above Leopoldville, he lived eighteen months without a single attack, a constant marvel to his friends that a low station like Kinshassa can preserve such a man alive and well. But the case of Mr. Swinburne is not the only one by hundreds which establishes the excellence of the climate above Leopoldville. Oddly enough, at Banana and Boma, in the midst of marshy exhalations, almost on the water's edge, they enjoyed better health than at Vivi, on that singular rocky platform 340 ft. above the river. Kinshassa is only 10 ft. above high-water mark, yet better health has been enjoyed there than at Leopoldville, which is 80 ft. higher. Mr. Stanley mentions many curious instances in this direction, notably above all, perhaps, Equator Station, where, with a river only 5 ft. below its foundations, creeks black as ink surrounding it, the ground unctuous with sable fat alluvium, Europeans enjoy better health than at Manyanga, 240 ft. above the river and 1100 ft. above the sea.

the river and 130 ft. above the sea. It was at Kinshassa where Mr. Stanley made his expeditionary camp, prior to the serious commencement of one of the most difficult enterprises ever man undertook, and an illustration which accompanies these brief notes represents a section of the camping-ground on the night preceding the embarkation. In the foreground, Mr. Stanley is represented in conversation with his remarkably, Tippoo Tib, who is a Zanzibar Arab, the conqueror and ruler of Nyangwé and the Man'yemas, in the Upper Congo region; he was formerly a great slave-trader, but has been appointed Governor of Stanley Falls under the Congo Free State. On the left are a group of men of the expedition engaged in the preparation of their evening meal. Forming a portion of the background is the reed enclosure of Tippoo Tib's personal encampment. On the extreme right of the picture an English official is writing a letter by the flickering light of a palm-oil lamp. The scene is full of picturesque detail, and will remain, no doubt, in Mr. Stanley's retentive memory as one of the chief landmarks of the prologue to his tragic story of the relief of Emin Bey. It was Mr. Stanley's custom to spend most of his evenings while at Kinshassa reflectively smoking his pipe and discussing African topics with Tippoo Tib or with his Waswahali porters. The famous Anglo-American pioneer is never tired of

studying the habits, manners, and thoughts of the native peoples of Africa. Man is to him a more engrossing subject than scenery. For him, every person with whom he converses is a witness: he literally receives his evidence and notes it down, if not in his memoranda, in his memory. He projects his



THE LATE MR. FREDERIC CLAY,  
MUSICAL COMPOSER.

mind into such intellectual capacity as the native possesses, and ferrets out his thoughts, feelings, and sentiments. He does not simply cross-examine his witness, he gets at the very back of his answers, until he knows the man, as it were, inside out and, when the native is an individual of importance, how valuable is this Stanley power. He knows the Arab as intimately as the native, and, on occasion, is as cunning as both. Who does not remember the chats which are so entertaining and instructive in "Through the Dark Continent"? The chapter devoted to Rumanika and his friends is delightful. Stanley formed them into a sort of geographical society, with Rumanika as president. What wonderful stories they told him! One of their legends has, however, come true in Stanley's meeting with dwarfs, as related in his letter of Aug. 8, 1888, to the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. It will be remembered by readers of his well-known records of the expedition to complete Livingstone's explorations—a commission from the *New York Herald* and *Daily Telegraph*—that Rumanika told Stanley there was a race of dwarfs somewhere west of Mkinyaga called the Mpundu, and another called the Batwa or Watwa, who were only two feet high. Stanley saw an occasional dwarf; one of considerable ferocity; but he only encountered the anthropological phenomena in force on his latest expedition. Rumanika, much satisfied with adding an imaginary tale to his dwarfs, evolved a far more wonderful creature from his inner consciousness. "Some of the Waziwa," he said, "saw a strange people in one of those far-off lands who had long ears descending to their feet. One ear formed a mat to sleep on: the other served to cover him from the cold like dressed hide! They tried to coax one of them to come and see me, but the journey was long, and he died on the way." Stanley was delighted with his native friend and his stories.

"Dear old Rumanika!" he exclaims, "how he enjoyed presiding over the Geographical Society of Karagwé, and how he smiled when he delivered this last extraordinary piece of Munchausenism!" Out of these myths, however, the dwarf has stepped forth fully armed, and real—a bloodthirsty enemy with whom Stanley and his comrades had to deal in their terrible march through the darkness towards the light.

Looking back to that last night at Kinshassa, what a graphic chapter we may expect!—the prologue to the tragedy!

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE LATE MR. FREDERIC CLAY.

The death of this accomplished musical composer was mentioned with regret last week, but he had been in a helpless state, from paralysis, for several years past. He was in the fiftieth year of his age. His musical education was obtained in Paris under eminent masters, but he entered the Civil Service, as a clerk at the Treasury, became private secretary to Mr. Disraeli, and performed other official duties, which he gave up, some twenty years ago, for his favourite musical studies. As the composer of several delightful comic operas, "Ages Ago," "Babil and Bijou," "Princess Toto," and "The Golden Ring," also of the cantatas "Knights of the Cross" and "Lalla Rookh," Mr. Clay won a high reputation; and his songs are still popular for their melody and peculiar grace.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury-street.

A CHRISTMAS CHARITY CONCERT.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Davies gave their annual concert on Friday, Dec. 6, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, for the benefit of the poor of St. Pancras, in the shape of Christmas dinner. The entertainment was varied somewhat by accompaniment of a picturesque character. The hall was crowded, and the result achieved was most gratifying, as Mr. Davies announced during the evening that £150 had been collected for the charity. The announcement that the Princess of Wales had again contributed was received with hearty cheering. A pleasing feature of the entertainment was furnished by Mr. Davies, in a semi-humorous lecture upon "Modern Alchemy," which was supplemented by the entrance of a bevy of fair ladies, bearing quaintly devised shields and crucibles. Among those who rendered generous assistance in various ways were Miss Mary Chatterton, Mr. Charles Capper, Miss Florence Waud, Professor Hoffmann, Miss Nina Martsirt, Miss Rayner, Miss Isabel Rayner, Mr. Harry Stubbs, Mr. David Beveridge, Miss Lizzie Jones, Mr. A. E. Godfrey, the Messrs. West, Mr. T. L. M. Hare, and Mr. Walter Clifford. The very pretty illustrated tickets, programme, and etching were designed by Mr. John Jellicoe, Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. A. T. Elwes, Mr. Alfred Bryan, and Mr. Louis Wain.

Lord Ashbourne on Dec. 9 called Mr. John Atkinson, Q.C., within the Bar as her Majesty's Solicitor-General for Ireland.

Mr. Stanley has received congratulatory telegrams from the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain and from the Communal Council of Brussels.

The Home Secretary has sanctioned the augmentation of the Metropolitan Police Force by a thousand men—namely, one hundred sergeants and nine hundred constables, but only half that number will be added at present, and the other half six months hence.

There was a brilliant gathering at the Royal Academy on Dec. 10 to witness the presentation of prizes won during the year by the students in the art schools. Sir Frederick Leighton, who was supported on the platform by most of his fellow Academicians, shook hands cordially with the successful competitors, among whom were several young ladies.

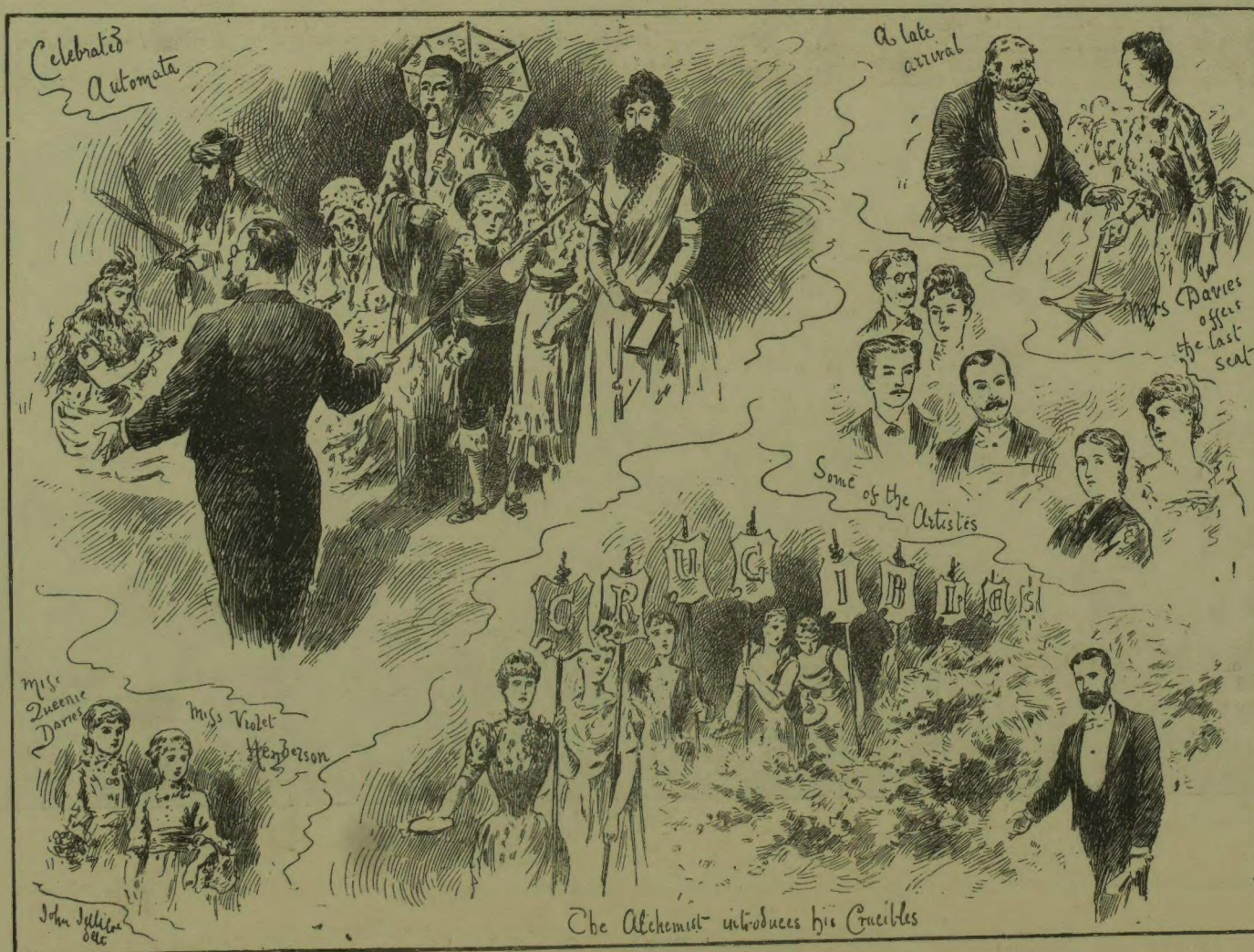
The "London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read," which also trains the blind in various industries, at its well-managed school, near the Swiss Cottage, in Upper Avenue-road, Finchley-road, gave an interesting exhibition of the musical skill of its pupils on Wednesday, Dec. 4, to a large audience, who were greatly pleased. This beneficent society, of which the vice-presidents are Mr. W. Banbury, Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, M.P., Mr. Edmund Johnson, and Mr. C. H. Crompton-Roberts, with Mr. J. R. F. Burnett as chairman

of the executive committee, and a ladies' committee, shows in its fifty-first annual Report a very satisfactory state of the institution. The workshops have been completed, and are likely to be self-supporting; while the new concert-hall proves highly attractive.

Mr. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane, have issued some tasteful Christmas and New Year cards.

Mr. F. C. Burnand was successful in two actions tried in the Queen's Bench on Dec. 7 to recover damages from the National Press Agency and the *Society Herald* Company for a libel appearing in the paper named. The jury awarded £50 against the first-mentioned defendant and £150 against the second.

A drawing-room meeting was held on Dec. 5, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skipper, Courtfield House, to inaugurate a fund to relieve distress in the West of London. The Bishop of Marlborough, who presided, delivered an earnest address, and said that there was great need for some movement for the relief of the poorer parishes. A committee was nominated, Mrs. Skipper consenting to act as secretary and treasurer.



ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NEWMAN-STREET, TO PROVIDE ST. PANCRAS POOR WITH CHRISTMAS DINNERS.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GONDOLIERS" AT THE SAVOY.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has returned to the Gilbert of the past, and everyone is delighted. He is himself again. The Gilbert of the "Bab Ballads," the Gilbert of whimsical conceit, inoffensive cynicism, subtle satire, and playful paradox; the Gilbert who invented a school of his own, who in it was his own schoolmaster and pupil, who has never taught anybody but himself, and is never likely to have any imitator—this is the Gilbert the public want to see, and this is the Gilbert who on Saturday night was cheered till the audience was weary of cheering any more. Surely even he was satisfied; surely such a success as this must have convinced him—if ever he could be convinced of anything—that it is better to do what he can do well, and as no other man can do it, than try to do that for which he is not by nature or temperament designed, that to which he has continually aspired, and in which he has as continually failed to make any very distinguished reputation. Why try to be Jack of all trades when he is master of one? Why try to bully his contemporaries into hailing him as a man of imagination when he is a master of humorous conceit and disciplined extravagance? Why pretend that he thinks seriously, feels seriously, imagines seriously, when his whole mind is absorbed in looking at everything around him in a comical fashion, and when sentiment is so foreign to his nature and his special characteristics? But why waste more words over this well-worn subject, when the clever author of "The Gondoliers" only last week declared solemnly to an

interviewer that he never read "notices" that referred to his own plays or compositions?

Mr. Gilbert is a splendid workman. He never turns out a cabinet that is not in its way a masterpiece. He polishes and polishes, he carves and frets and plumbs, until the result is as near perfection as may be. His literary style is, as he himself owns, the result of hours and hours of patient plodding and exhaustless toil. In his own line Mr. Gilbert is no doubt a genius, but his genius is not that of his fellows. Your genius who is a man of imaginative temperament, your genius who is a born poet, might dash off a work more charged with fire and impulse, more instinct with life, but in style not to be compared with Gilbert's work. It does not need to be a master of style to be a poet, else your Brownings would have a hard time of it. Mr. Gilbert has invented a school of humour in which he has had no follower; but, apart from this great gift of comical observation—whether natural or acquired, whether created or cultivated, I cannot say—he is still emphatically a workman of most laudable industry. In his bitter fights with his critics this most entertaining man is continually saying, or seeming to say, "It must be a work of superexcellent quality, because I took so much pains with it." I cannot see that this follows. Sometimes the work on which we have expended the most labour turns out the least satisfactory. It is idle to maintain, as Mr. Gilbert is so often constrained to do, that the work on which he has taken the greatest pains is necessarily the best. It is characteristic of Mr. Gilbert's determined nature that he should earnestly desire to succeed exactly where it had been

prophesied of him he would fail. If he were declared no sculptor—he would toil at sculpting until he dreamed he was Pygmalion himself. If he were told he could not paint—he would not rest until he were exhibited in the Royal Academy. If he were told he had no notion of turnery—he would buy a lathe and "turn" all day long. If it were whispered he had no military knowledge—he would never rest until he commanded a company of soldiers. If he were twitted with ignorance of the sea—he would command a yacht though he wrecked it. The public, perhaps, knows what he can do even better than Mr. Gilbert, so, during the intervals of writing plays that are not successful and quarrelling with his critics, he puts out, as now, for mere vulgar bread and cheese, exactly what he can do better than any man of his day. "The Gondoliers," so far as the book is concerned, is an example of Mr. Gilbert at his very best. He may snub this kind of work, or be tired of it; but the public like it, and want it. All is delicate, all is polished, all is workmanlike, and all in good taste. He never uses the sledge-hammer, except when he is angry. His cynicism is never cruel, his satire never sour, his humour never coarse. As someone has lately most admirably observed, he fits his fancy to Kensington. He is never the rowdy Bank-holiday young man; but he is the wit of Kensington, and the gay troubadour of Earl's Court. He is the Swift of the suburbs.

Suburban life is a comparatively new institution, and Gilbert is its prophet. Always a humourist, always a wag, always the prince of topsy-turvydom, always working a very original vein of fun with unvarying success, Mr. Gilbert, as I



GAS-WORKERS' MEETING ON PECKHAM RYE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 8.

have frequently pointed out, is almost a poet. One or two lyrics in the "Yeomen of the Guard" were Elizabethan in style and taste. And he has given one more in "The Gondoliers":—

There was a time,  
A time for ever gone!—ah, woe is me!  
It was no crime  
To love but thee alone! Ah, woe is me!  
One heart, one life, one soul,  
One aim, one goal,  
Each in the other's thrall,  
Each all in all. Ah, woe is me!  
Oh, bury! bury! let the grave close o'er  
The days that were—that never will be more;  
Oh, bury, bury love that all condemn,  
And let the whirlwind mourn its requiem!

How delicate this, how sweet, how polished! worthy to be preserved in any English "Anthologia"; and it is conceivable that a man with such a marvellous imitative faculty who could write such verses would be very angry if he were not hailed as an original poet. But the same thing has happened before now. To read Mr. Gilbert's book is a delightful treat; to listen to it is even better, for he and Sir Arthur Sullivan have taught their company how to deliver verse and to sing words. The elocution all round is admirable.

In the long descriptions that have been given of the story—it will be found, *mutato nomine*, in "H.M.S. Pinafore"—the artists have somewhat suffered. It would be difficult to find three parts better played than those allotted to Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Denny, and Mr. F. Wyatt. Mr. Barrington is inoculated with Gilbertian humour. He returns to the Savoy and sniffs the breeze like an old war-horse. No one speaks his lines so well; though no one sings his words better than Mr. Denny, who is now one of the best of the revised Savoy company. But Mr. Wyatt will soon feel his feet. On the first night he seemed to be a little nervous and constrained. Somebody appeared to be hanging on to his coat-tails, as it were. Somebody appeared to have suggested that he must tone himself down. It was a mistake. Mr. Wyatt is too much of an artist to kick over the traces; but do let him draw his share of the coach. He has humour, real humour, and it is a shame to make him carry extra weight in the handicap. Mr. Wyatt has evidently been frightened into under-acting, but his natural humour should have free

play and ventilation. Miss Jessie Bond is even more admirable than ever, her acting in the celebrated quartet is a treat—hearty, spontaneous, delightful; and I never remember to have seen or heard Miss Geraldine Ulmar to such advantage. Miss Rosina Brandram sings as artistically as ever, but does not seem to appreciate the comical idea of the modern dress of the Duchess; and Miss Decima Moore has a sweet, fresh, bird-like voice, and one day will know how to act. A lesson or so in acting and a little infusion of humour would not be lost, by the way, on Mr. Courtice Pounds, who has mysteriously lost his beautiful gift of singing. He talks, and sings also, with a muffled effect, as if the voice were filtered through a bale of cotton wool. The Venetian scene is lovely, but I am constrained to differ with those who so highly praise the picture of Barataria. To my mind it is a very ugly and not a well-painted scene, reminiscent of Cremorne and Rosherville. But perhaps Barataria was an imaginary teagarden or an idealised version of courts at the Crystal Palace or corners in the South Kensington Museum. "The Gondoliers" is, however, a brilliant success, and is likely to be as popular as, if not more so than, its predecessors.

C. S.

Besides the above criticism, referring chiefly to Mr. Gilbert's portion of "The Gondoliers," there is one on another page by our musical critic, who naturally interests himself mainly with the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan—"each giving each an added charm"—in the joint production of this charming piece.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,  
DECEMBER 14, 1889.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Three-half-pence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, Two-pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Four-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-pence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## GAS-STOKERS' MEETING AT PECKHAM RYE.

The dispute between the South Metropolitan Gas Company and its labourers belonging to the Gas Workers' Union, supported by the Amalgamated Coal Porters' Union, has threatened great public inconvenience. The Company, of which Mr. George Livesey is chairman, willing to admit its servants to a pro rata share in its trade-profits, offers them a bonus on condition that they enter into engagements with it for certain periods of time. On the other hand, the Union, Mr. Mark Hutchins and others leading, consider it a hostile act, and a "strike" of nearly 2000 gas-stokers was likely to cast the southern or south-eastern parts of London into darkness.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 8, an open-air meeting of the promoters of this strike was held at Peckham Rye, Mr. Mark Hutchins presiding, and speeches were made by Mr. Angle, Mr. Watkinson, and others. Mr. Michael Henry, secretary of the Coal Porters' Union, addressed the meeting, and during his speech a disgraceful outrage was perpetrated. Mr. Henry said that Mr. Frank Livesey wrongly argued that barge work was not so heavy as ship work, whereupon an old man in the crowd, a lamplighter named Griffiths, cried out that 2½d. per ton was not such bad wages. Griffiths had no sooner given utterance to this remark than he was set upon by the mob and maltreated in the most cowardly manner. He was knocked down, and while lying on the ground was kicked in the ribs and punched in the face repeatedly. Then there was a cry of "Duck him!" and a couple of hundred men gathered round him and carried him off in the direction of the pond; but the unfortunate man was rescued by three police officers, and sent home in an omnibus. The meeting, which during this scene of savage fury seemed about to collapse, was resumed, Mr. Henry continuing his speech, and a resolution was passed declaring that the action of the men against the South Metropolitan Gas Company was "justifiable, noble, and patriotic," and that they should, with the aid of all trade-unionists and the public, resist "the enslavement scheme" which that company had proposed.

The Manchester and Salford Gasworks, managed by the Municipal Corporations of those towns, have been deprived by a "strike" of great part of their labourers, and the streets have been very imperfectly lighted.





PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.—REVIEW AT POONAH: NATIVE INFANTRY MARCHING PAST.





LORD REAY, GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

LADY REAY.

SIR E. BRADFORD.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES IN INDIA: THE PRINCE AT GUNESH KHUND, THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT POONAH, BOMBAY, WITH LORD AND LADY REAY.



## PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.

The arrival of Prince Albert Victor of Wales at Bombay, on Nov. 9, was an event of some interest to that loyal community. His uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Reay, the Governor of Bombay, went on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship Oceana, to meet the young Prince. When he landed at the Apollo Bunder an address of welcome was presented by the City Municipality. Prince Albert Victor, wearing the uniform of a Major of the 10th Hussars, was conveyed in a carriage and four, with the Governor and the Duke of Connaught, escorted by the Governor's bodyguard and a detachment of Bombay Light Horse, to the Secretariat, where he inspected the guard of honour, a hundred men, with colours, furnished by the Marine Battalion. The streets were decorated with poles and flags, and the bronze equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales was adorned with flowers. Great crowds of people, natives of all races and castes, and all the English in Bombay, greeted his Royal Highness with hearty cheering. He left Bombay the same evening by railway for Poonah, where he remained several days, and on Nov. 12 witnessed a grand review or military parade of 6600 troops, European and native. There was also a torchlight procession, and a State ball. Our Illustrations of the review, and a group of portraits of the Prince, Lord and Lady Reay, and the suite and officers of the Staff, are from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Bombay.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Our Viceroyal Life in India.* By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Two vols. (Murray).—The combined best qualities and accomplishments of a married pair, a lady and gentleman of rank with the talents and graces that make social life agreeable, seem to be eminently needful for duly representing the mild and benevolent reign of Victoria, Queen and Empress, in her vast Asiatic dominions. Unquestionably, several of the former Governors-General of India, as well of those chosen from among British statesmen or members of the House of Lords, as those who had risen to the highest post in the old East India Company's service, were men of much ability, who performed great and useful work. But the direct and express title of Sovereignty vested in her Majesty over the territories and nations under British rule, with the friendly and protecting attitude of this Imperial Power towards many independent and many subordinate native Princes, is more fitly exhibited by such Viceroyalties as India has witnessed in later years. That of the Earl and Countess of Dufferin—for her Ladyship, though not, we believe, officially styled Vice-Queen of India, bore the full dignity of Consort to the Viceroy—was one of the most prosperous and successful. It is unnecessary here to say that Lord Dufferin, now a Marquis and Ambassador to the Court of Italy, is a first-rate man of public business, a persuasive and skilful negotiator, a delightful orator, and has for many years past, in Europe and Asia and in Canada, rendered services of high value to his Queen and country. His wife's private letters and journal in India, from December 1884 to December 1888, while constantly bearing witness to the Viceroy's personal industry, and often, as the wives of busy men do, expressing her affectionate regret at his being prevented from enjoying the amusements of the day, contains almost nothing of the events of his political administration. But we know enough about those transactions already: of the conquest of Burmah, the discussion of the Bengal Rent Bill, the negotiations with the Ameer of Cabul, the small wars on the Sikkim frontier and in the Black Mountain, we have been sufficiently informed. Lady Dufferin, indeed, has the merit of originating and conducting a good piece of business of her own, the establishment of the Female Medical Mission for India, with its hospitals and staff of lady physicians, nurses, and students, for the treatment of native women. Apart from this wise and kindly undertaking, which she diligently and successfully pursued, her office in India was that of the gracious mistress of the Viceroyal Household at Calcutta, the attentive hostess of numerous visitors there, and the honoured guest of friendly Princes, Maharajahs, and other stately personages, travelling long distances to their capital cities, where the Viceroy and she were splendidly entertained. Life in Government House, Calcutta, if it were not that plenty of work must be done there, would seem rather dull, and its customary pomps and festivities of an inferior style, compared with the magnificence of some native Princes. Only the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, in February 1887, displayed what Calcutta could do in the preparation of a grand show; and the illuminations of the public buildings were doubtless a fine sight. But Lady Dufferin's best views and experiences of India were not obtained at Calcutta. During each winter residence there it was the weekly practice of the Viceroy's family to pass the Saturday and Sunday at Barrackpore, a few miles up the Ganges, where a comfortable house in a beautiful park affords domestic repose with rural freedom. The hot season, from April to near the end of October, would be spent far up in the hills, at Simla, a place of which her Ladyship's account is less inviting than might be supposed from its official and fashionable reputation. Its site appears to be extremely inconvenient, both for dwellings and for excursions: it is exposed, even in summer, to much very bad and rough weather, and its mountain views are not nearly so fine as those of other Himalayan stations. Mussoorie, and still better Darjeeling, easily reached by rail from Calcutta, would seem greatly to be preferred. Lady Dufferin has, of course, much to tell her family correspondents about various little incidents of her home life, with her husband and children and their private engagements. Details of Anglo-Indian household management, the behaviour of native servants, the arrangement of dinner-parties, balls, and garden-parties, are not withheld; and there is ample description of feminine dress and ornaments, as well as of the far more gorgeous costumes of native Rajahs. There are journeys and State visits to different cities, not only those which everybody in India has seen—Delhi and Agra, Benares, Lucknow, and the Presidency capitals, Bombay and Madras—but also those of the Rajpoot principalities; Oodeypore (here spelt "Udaipur"), Jeypore, Johdpore, Ulwar and Ajmere, Bhurtpure, Gwalior, and Indore; at a later date, Hyderabad and Mysore: all which famous ancient States, with their characteristic chivalry of ancestral sentiment, gave the Viceroy and his consort a superb and costly but equally cordial reception. These tours in Western, Central, and Southern India, with the minute descriptions of architecture, costume, pageants, and ceremonials, and the manners of high-spirited and intelligent native races, possessing noble historical traditions, are perhaps the most interesting portion of the book. Lord and Lady Dufferin also went to Burmah, in February 1886; and their presence at Mandalay, which was illustrated by our Special Artist, certainly aided to reconcile the Burmese people to becoming the subjects of Queen Victoria. The Punjab, Scinde, and the newly extended connections of the military frontier towards Candahar, the fortress of Quetta, the Bolan Pass and the Sibi-Pishin railway, were inspected by the Viceroy, accompanied by this bright-

minded, active, and amiable lady; she was in the camp at Rawul Pindi, in very bad weather, to receive the Ameer Abdurrahman; she visited Peshawar, and rode up the Khyber Pass; she was pleased with Lahore, saw the great Sikh temple at Amritsar, and made acquaintance with the Rajahs of Puteala, Kapurthulla, and many others. Though little of Indian politics can be gathered from these volumes, much is told of Indian Court life, and of the personal disposition of native rulers, which tends on the whole to a favourable conception of their capabilities. Indeed, we feel sure that most of them will have been encouraged in well-doing by having met so good an example of refined English womanhood, such a worthy representative, in her own womanly way, of Queen Victoria's sincere kindness and fairness, as Harriet, Lady Dufferin, the authoress of this agreeable book.

*Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; Annotated and Accented, with Illustrations of English Life in Chaucer's Time.* By John Saunders. (J. M. Dent and Co.).—Five centuries of national life, with all their history and literature, have not superseded the perpetual value of Chaucer, the Shakespeare of his own age, as a truthful exponent of English character and feeling. It is to be regretted that his lifelike portraits of class types and of individual personalities, being as they are not mere superficial descriptions of costume and manners, but essentially presentments of the moral differences caused by social rank, education, and the variety of callings, should be little studied except with a view to literary history, antiquarian details, and the changes in the grammatical use of our language. Mr. John Saunders, a very competent scholar in those departments of learning, has in this volume supplied a most useful commentary and guide to the "Riches of Chaucer"; the title which was given long ago, by the late Mr. Cowden Clarke, to his delightful modernised text of a selection from the "Canterbury Tales." The plan adopted by Mr. Saunders is twofold. In the first division of his work, after a concise historical and explanatory introduction, and a minute description of the famous old Southwark inn, "The Tabard," as it remained within our personal remembrance, the immortal "Pilgrims" are classified and individualised as follows: Chivalry—the Knight, the Squire, the Yeoman; Religion—the Monk, the Prioress, the Friar, the Sumptuous (Summoner), the Pardoner, and the Parson; Professional Men—the Serjeant-at-Law, the Manciple, the Doctor of Physic, the Alchemist, the Clerk of Oxenford; Agriculture—the Franklin, the Miller, the Reeve, the Ploughman; Trade and Commerce—the Merchant, the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Tale of the Prentice, the Cook, and the Wife of Bath. The second part consists of the tales, which are related chiefly in prose, but with frequent extracts of Chaucer's verse; the whole accompanied by much precise information about the institutions, customs, and habits of Old England five hundred years ago.

*The History of a Slave.* By H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—The author of this very touching and strikingly forcible narrative, Mr. H. H. Johnston, now British Consul at Mozambique and on the Lower Zambesi, is personally acquainted with many parts of savage Africa. He was an early visitor to the stations formed by Mr. Stanley on the Congo, as far as Bangala, of which he wrote an instructive account; he aided in exploring some portion of East Africa, from the coast opposite Zanzibar, especially around the great mountain Kilimanjaro; and he was, at another time, an active pioneer of British enterprise far up the Niger and its tributaries, penetrating the western side of the broad Continent, in the region to which this story belongs. We can scarcely expect the generality of readers to possess an exact geographical knowledge of the several barbarian States, under Mussulman rule, extending across the northern tropical zone of Africa, from Darfur, next to Kordofan, westward to the Benué and Upper Niger, and to the Hausa and Foulah countries. Yet many testimonies have been published of the advancing power of Mohammedan conquest and summary nominal conversion among the West African nations; and we have understood that this important movement is very similar, in its methods and some of the grievous operations which attend it, to the apparently irresistible domination of the so-called Arabs on the Upper Nile, and all over the Eastern Soudan. Beyond a short distance from the seacoast and the navigable great rivers, Mohammedan warriors and slave-dealers, intent on gaining riches not less than on the compulsory spread of their religion, are everywhere despoiling and subjugating the feeble heathen populations. There is no likelihood of stopping this process in the interior of Africa, north of the Congo, by any European intervention. The only consolation for tales of cruelty and oppression, which can hardly be exaggerated, is our knowledge that the native tribes have always been so deplorably wretched and debased, owing to their horrid superstitions and hideous primeval customs, that they must ultimately be placed in a better condition as subjects of Mussulman States. Slavery is indigenous in Africa, and in savage, heathen Africa it is almost universal; but settled domestic slavery, among comparatively civilised and respectable Mohammedans, is mitigated by religious and legal restraints, whereas the heathen, at least in West Africa, show no sense of humanity to their victims. This opinion is confirmed, to some extent, by the authentic incidents which Mr. Johnston has gathered in his travels up the Niger, and in the Barbary States, as well as from negroes whom he met on the Gold Coast, at Old Calabar; and which he has combined, with manifest verisimilitude, in one of the most interesting and pathetic stories ever written on the subject. It relates the adventures of Abu-l-Gawah, a native of the Mbudikum negro country, one of the family of its chief at Bahom, near the Benué or Chadda River; made captive by the Fulbe and Hausa marauding army, and carried off to their town of Yakuba, where he became a favoured servant of the Sultan, and a professed Mussulman; afterwards driven out, with the deposed Sultan, by the anger of a greater potentate, the Amir of Sakatu; again caught and sold into slavery at Kano, working for a dyer; serving as a cavalry soldier, marching to attack the frontier of Bornu, deserting the service at Zinder, cheated by a Fezzan Arab—a greater rogue than himself; dwelling in service at Ghat or Agades, as a gardener among civilised folk; and finally, after a journey northward across the Sahara, almost perishing and beset with dreadful perils, finding a kind master in Fezzan, who has brought him to a town in Tripoli, where he tells his wonderful history, and Mr. Johnston writes it down. All the places mentioned do really exist between the Niger and Lake Tchad; and we may feel assured that the topography and ethnology, with the descriptions of manners and customs, are tolerably correct. The incidents are quite natural, being in fact of real occurrence, though consistently put together in the narrative of a single imaginary person; and are related in a direct and simple style, infinitely better than that of Mr. Rider Haggard's monstrous fictions. It is, in truth, the "Heart of Africa" that is here revealed; and a very sad and sore heart to every friend of humanity, for the cruelties of the internal slave-trade are worse than ever before.

## SKETCHES IN MADAGASCAR.

The large island of Madagascar, though separated only by a channel 240 miles wide from the Mozambique coast of Africa, does not seem to belong to Africa in its physical aspects or productions, still less in the native races of people. Some geologists have supposed it to be a fragment or remnant of a lost continent, submerged by the Indian Ocean; for its ruling nation, the Hovas, are kindred to the Malay race, and the lemurs, and other peculiar animals, have more affinity to East Asiatic than to African zoological types. This island is much bigger than Great Britain, its length being nearly a thousand miles, from north to south, and its average breadth 260 miles. Its central parts are very mountainous, some of the granite peaks rising 9000 ft., and there are numerous volcanic cones and craters; the forests yield valuable timber and medicinal plants, and the plains are cultivated for rice, sugar, cotton, indigo, and other mercantile commodities. Much of the trade is done with the British colony of Mauritius, and with the French colony of the Isle of Bourbon. The population, of various races, some of which—the Sakalava—do not submit to the Hova kingdom or to the French limited Protectorate, is estimated altogether at three millions. Antananarivo, the Hova capital, is a rather large city, in the interior, with many European residents; Tamatave, on the east coast, is the chief commercial port. The Queen and Royal family and many of the Hova nobles have adopted Christianity, and various missionary societies, Catholic and Protestant, have stations in Madagascar; but the Arabs from Zanzibar have made a great number of Mussulman converts on the north coast. They have also, unhappily, introduced the African slave-trade, bringing multitudes of negro captives to labour in the plantations. Our Illustrations of the costumes and occupations of some of the people at Antananarivo are from photographs with which we are favoured by Mrs. A. Procter.

## ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for December contains a learned paper by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., on the various pictures of the "Nativity of our Lord," to be found in the National Gallery. The engravings accompanying it, by C. Carter, after the paintings by Botticelli and Rembrandt, are particularly excellent. Another interesting paper is Mr. Frederick Wedmore's, on Carl Haag, R.W.S., whose pictures of Oriental subjects are so well known on the walls of London exhibitions. Mr. Charles Stuart continues his account of journeyings in Wales, illustrated with several of his own clever sketches, and Mr. John P. Seddon writes with authority on memorial stained-glass windows. The yearly volume of the *Magazine of Art* is one of the handsomest art-books of the season.

The *Art Journal* opens with an article on Harrow School, charmingly illustrated by Mr. Percy Robinson. Especially worthy of mention is the etching of Harrow Church, by the same artist, which forms a frontispiece to this month's number, which will have a special interest to all old Harrovians. The series of papers on "Types of Beauty," in Renaissance painting, is continued. This month the schools of Germany and the Netherlands are treated—Stephan Lothener, Van Eyck, Memling, Rubens, Albrecht Dürer, and Rembrandt for examples. The foreign artist and author whose travels in England have from time to time been chronicled in the *Art Journal* have at length reached London, which, contrary to the usual custom of foreigners, they visited last instead of first; and their impressions, related by pen and pencil, form an attractive feature of this month's issue.

The Queen has intimated to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children her wishes to become patron of the society, and an annual subscriber of ten guineas to its funds.

"Founder's Day" was duly observed by the Provost and school authorities at Eton College. The students were given a holiday in commemoration of the event. The college was founded by Henry VI., on Dec. 6, 1440. Many old Etonians were present at the celebration.

Princes' Hall presented a variegated spectacle on Dec. 6, on the occasion of the second annual conversation of the British Nurses' Association, when some 1200 nurses and sisters were present in the uniform of the institution to which they respectively belonged.

The Marquis of Winchester has made an abatement of 12 per cent for the half-year on the rectorial tithe for Crondall (Hants) parish, and the Rev. W. D. Harrison a like abatement in the vicarial tithe. This is in addition to a decrease on the averages.

Such great changes have taken place in the entrances to the Thames by the Prince's Channel, leading up from the North Foreland, by the shifting of the sand-drifts, that the Trinity authorities have taken steps to alter the position of the buoys and lightships.

A large muster of the London Irish Rifles (16th Middlesex Volunteers) was seen on Dec. 6 at the Freemasons' Tavern, where a varied list of attractions had been arranged for the edification of these metropolitan representatives of Erin. In addition to the ceremony of prize-giving, for which the services of Major-General Philip Smith, C.B., commanding the Home District, had been requisitioned, a smoking-concert took place, varied with boxing contests, bouts at quarterstaff, and bayonet and sword encounters. Dancing followed.

The fifteenth anniversary dinner of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Benevolent Institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Dec. 5, Mr. George Price in the chair. Mr. R. Wills, the secretary, read the lists of donations, the chairman's list amounting to £610 10s., more than half of which had come out of his own pocket. Two other lists were to the amount of £158 and £212 6s., and the total was £1058 8s. 6d.; but, after a canvass for subscriptions in the room, it was swelled to £1161, being larger than on any former occasion.

Lord Wolseley was present in St. James's Hall on Dec. 5 at the annual distribution of prizes to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, of which Colonel Routledge is the commanding officer. After Lady Abinger had handed the rewards to the winners, the Adjutant-General said that within ten days the Aldershot division of the Army would be armed with the new magazine rifle, and by next April he hoped the Army generally would be in possession of smokeless powder which he believed to be second to none in the world.—A distinguished company was present on the 7th at the headquarters of the Queen's Westminster Rifles, to witness the distribution by the Duchess of Westminster of prizes won by the battalion during the past season. The report showed that the total strength of the battalion was 961, of whom 99 per cent were efficient. Out of forty-five officers belonging to the regiment nineteen had passed in the subject of tactics. The general increase of efficiency might be estimated from the fact that the capitulation grant earned during the past year was £700 more than in 1884. The shooting of the regiment had maintained its high character. The proceedings concluded with a competition with miniature ammunition and Paterson's electric target.





1. A Fruit-Seller from the Country.

2. A Night Watchman.

3. An Old Native Beggar.

4. "Some Fine Honey, Madam?"

5. A Country Hide-Carrier.

6. A Night Watchman.

7. A Country Wood-Seller.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

*[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]*

## CHAPTER LIX.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.



HE trouble was made by Iris for herself. In this way—

She saw Fanny's advertisement. Her first impulse was to take her back into her service. But she remembered the necessity for concealment. She must not place herself—she realised already the fact that she had done a thing which would draw upon her the vengeance of the law—and her husband in the power of this woman, whose fidelity might not stand the shock of some fit of jealousy, rage,

or revenge for fancied slight. She must henceforth be cut off altogether from all her old friends.

She therefore answered the letter by one which contained no address, and which she posted with her own hand at the General Post Office. She considered her words carefully. She must not say too much or too little.

"I enclose," she said, "a bank note for ten pounds to assist you. I am about to travel abroad, but must, under existing circumstances, dispense with the services of a maid. In the course of my travels I expect to be in Brussels. If, therefore, you have anything to tell me or to ask of me, write to me at the Poste Restante of that city, and in the course of six months or so I am tolerably sure to send for the letter. In fact, I shall expect to find a letter from you. Do not think that I have forgotten you or your faithful services, though for a moment I am not able to call you to my side. Be patient."

There was no address given in the letter. This alone was mysterious. If Lady Harry was in London—and the letter was posted at the General Post Office—why could she not give her address? If she was abroad, why should she hide her address? In any case, why should she do without a maid—she who had never been without a maid—to whom a maid was as necessary as one of her hands? Oh! she could never get along at all without a maid. As for Iris's business in London and her part in the conspiracy, of course Fanny neither knew nor suspected.

She had recourse again to her only friend—Mrs. Vimpany—to whom she sent Lady Harry's letter, and imploring her to lay the whole before Mr. Mountjoy.

"He is getting so much stronger," Mrs. Vimpany wrote back, "that I shall be able to tell him everything before long. Do not be in a hurry. Let us do nothing that may bring trouble upon her. But I am sure that something is going on—something wicked. I have read your account of what has happened over and over again. I am as convinced as you could possibly be that my husband and Lord Harry are trading on the supposed death of the latter. We can do nothing. Let us wait."

Three days afterwards she wrote again.

"The opportunity for which I have been waiting has come at last. Mr. Mountjoy is, I believe, fully recovered. This morning, seeing him so well and strong, I asked him if I might venture to place in his hands a paper containing a narrative.

"Is it concerning Iris?" he asked.

"It has to do with Lady Harry—indirectly."

"For a while he made no reply. Then he asked me if it had also to do with her husband.

"With her husband and with mine," I told him.

"Again he was silent.

"After a bit he looked up and said, 'I had promised myself never again to interfere in Lady Harry Norland's affairs. You wish me to read this document, Mrs. Vimpany?'

"Certainly; I am most anxious that you should read it and should advise upon it."

"Who wrote it?"

"Fanny Mere, Lady Harry's maid."

"If it is only to tell me that her husband is a villain," he said, "I will not read it."

"If you were enabled by reading it to keep Lady Harry from a dreadful misfortune?" I suggested.

"Give me the document," he said.

"Before I gave it to him—it was in my pocket—I showed him a newspaper containing a certain announcement.

"Lord Harry dead?" he cried. "Impossible! Then Iris is free."

"Perhaps you will first read the document," I drew it out of my pocket, gave it to him, and retired. He should be alone while he read it.

Half an hour afterwards I returned. I found him in a state of the most violent agitation, without, however, any of the weakness which he betrayed on previous occasions.

"Mrs. Vimpany," he cried, "this is terrible! There is no doubt—not the least doubt—in my mind that the man Oxbye is the man buried under the name of Lord Harry, and that he was murdered—murdered in cold blood—by that worst of villains!"

"My husband," I said.

"Your husband—most unfortunate of wives! As for Lord Harry's share in the murder, it is equally plain that he knew of it, even if he did not consent to it. Good heavens! Do you understand? Do you realise what they have done? Your husband and Iris's husband may be tried—actually tried—for murder and put to a shameful death. Think of it!"

"I do think of it, Heaven knows! I think of it every day—I think of it all day long. But, remember, I will say nothing that will bring this fate upon them. And Fanny will say nothing. Without Fanny's evidence there cannot be even a suspicion of the truth."

"What does Iris know about it?"

"I think that she cannot know anything of the murder. Consider the dates. On Wednesday Fanny was dismissed; on Thursday she returned secretly and witnessed the murder. It was on Thursday morning that Lady Harry drove to Victoria on her return to Passy, as we all supposed, and as I still suppose. On Saturday Fanny was back again. The cottage

was deserted. She was told that the man Oxbye had got up and walked away; that her mistress had not been at the house at all, but was travelling in Switzerland; and that Lord Harry was gone on a long journey. And she was sent into Switzerland to get her out of the way. I gather from all this that Lady Harry was taken away by her husband directly she arrived—most likely by night—and that of the murder she knew nothing."

"No—no—she could know nothing! That, at least, they dare not tell her. But about the rest? How much does she know? How far has she lent herself to the conspiracy? Mrs. Vimpany, I shall go back to London to-night. We will travel by the night train. I feel quite strong enough."

"I began this letter in Scotland; I finish it in London."

"We are back again in town. Come to the hotel at once, and see us."

So, there was now a Man to advise. For once, Fanny was thankful for the creation of Man. To the most misanthropic female there sometimes comes a time when she must own that Man has his uses. These two women had now got a Man with whom to take counsel.

"I do not ask you," said Mr. Mountjoy, with grave face, "how far this statement of yours is true: I can see plainly that it is true in every particular."

"It is quite true, sir; every word of it is true. I have been tempted to make out a worse case against the doctor, but I have kept myself to the bare truth."

"You could not make out a worse case against any man. It is the blackest case that I have ever heard of or read. It is the foulest murder. I do not understand the exact presence of Lord Harry when the medicine was given. Did he see the doctor administer it? Did he say anything?"

"He turned white when the doctor told him that the man was going to die—that day, perhaps, or next day. When the doctor was pouring out the medicine he turned pale again and trembled. While the doctor was taking the photograph he trembled again. I think, sir—I really think—that he knew all along that the man was going to die, but when it came to the moment he was afraid. If it had depended upon him, Oxbye would be alive still."

"He was a consenting party. Well; for the moment both of you keep perfect silence. Don't discuss the thing with

each other lest you should be overheard: bury the thing. I am going to make some inquiries."

The first thing was to find out what steps had been taken, if any, with insurance companies. For Iris's sake his inquiry had to be conducted quite openly. His object must seem none other than the discovery of Lady Harry Norland's present address. When bankers, insurance companies, and solicitors altogether have to conduct a piece of business it is not difficult to ascertain such a simple matter.

He found out the name of the family solicitor. He went to the office, sent in his card, and stated his object. As a very old friend of Lady Harry's, he wanted to learn her address. He had just come up from Scotland, where he had been ill, and had only just learned her terrible bereavement.

The lawyer made no difficulty at all. There was no reason why he should. Lady Harry had been in London; she was kept in town for nearly two months by business connected with the unfortunate event; but she had now gone—she was travelling in Switzerland or elsewhere. As for her address, a letter addressed to his care should be forwarded on hearing from her ladyship.

"Her business, I take it, was the proving of the will and the arrangement of the property."

"That was the business which kept her in town."

"Lady Harry," Mr. Mountjoy went on, "had a little property of her own apart from what she may ultimately get from her father. About five thousand pounds—not more."

"Indeed? She did not ask my assistance in respect of her own property?"

"I suppose it is invested and in the hands of trustees. But, indeed, I do not know. Lord Harry himself, I have heard, was generally in a penniless condition. Were there any insurances?"

"Yes; happily, there was insurance paid for him by the family. Otherwise there would have been nothing for the widow."

"And this has been paid up, I suppose?"

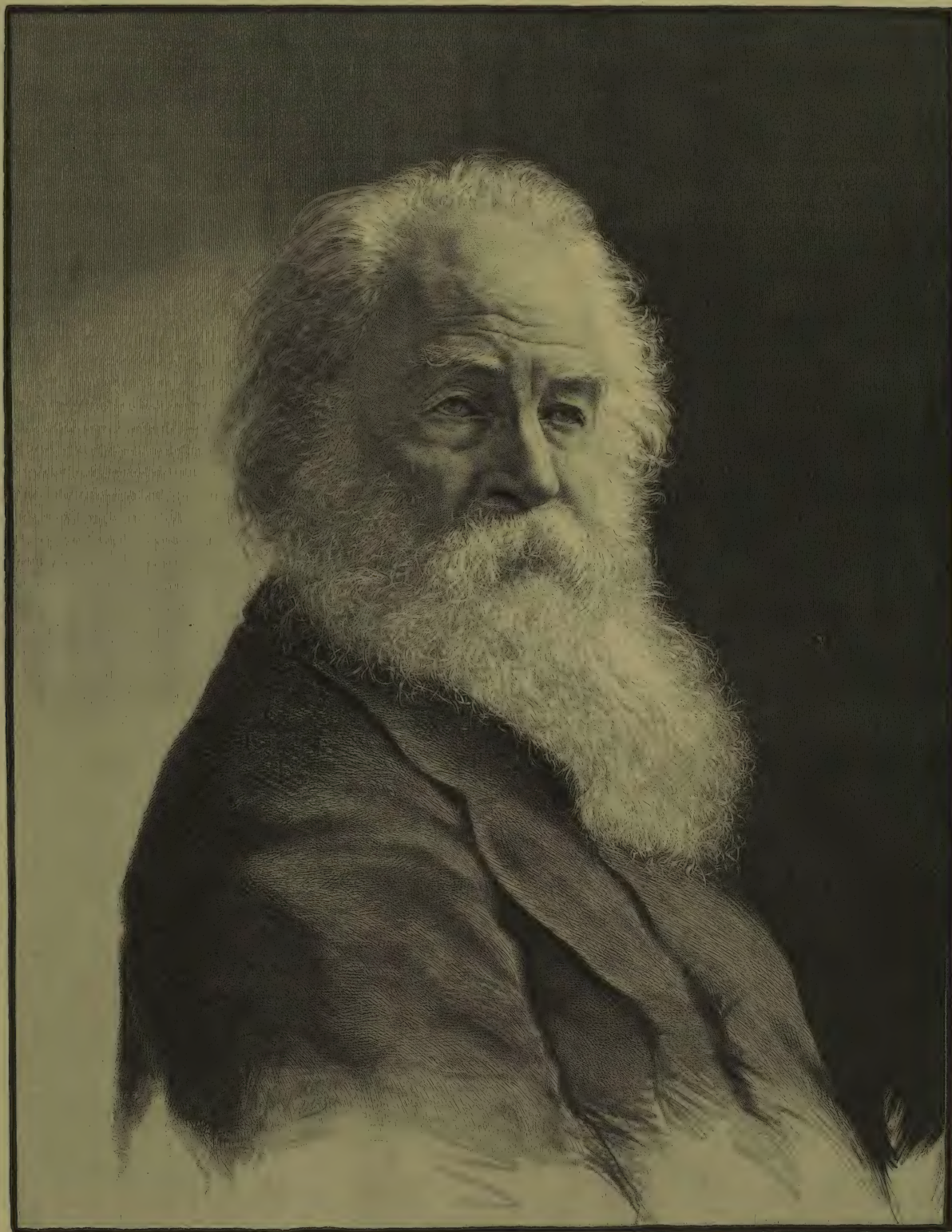
"Yes: it has been paid into her private account."

"Thank you," said Mr. Mountjoy. "With your permission, I will address a letter to Lady Harry here. Will you kindly order it to be forwarded at the very earliest opportunity?"



Lord Harry paced the garden walks for hours.





MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY, UNION-SQUARE, NEW YORK

WALT WHITMAN,  
THE AMERICAN POET.





A DECORATOR.

BY ALBERT MOORE.





*She asked the way to the post-office.*

"Iris," he thought, "will not come to London any more. She has been persuaded by her husband to join in the plot. Good heavens! She has become a swindler—a conspirator—a fraudulent woman! Iris!—it is incredible—it is horrible! What shall we do?"

He first wrote a letter, to the care of the lawyers. He informed her that he had made a discovery of the highest importance to herself—he refrained from anything that might give rise to suspicion; he implored her to give him an interview anywhere, in any part of the world—alone. He told her that the consequences of refusal might be fatal—absolutely fatal—to her future happiness: he conjured her to believe that

he was anxious for nothing but her happiness: that he was still, as always, her most faithful friend.

Well; he could do no more. He had not the least expectation that his letter would do any good; he did not even believe that it would reach Iris. The money was received and paid over to her own account. There was really no reason at all why she should place herself again in communication with these lawyers. What would she do, then? One thing only remained. With her guilty husband, this guilty woman must remain in concealment for the rest of their days, or until death released her of the man who was pretending to be dead. At the best, they might find some place where there would be

no chance of anybody ever finding them who knew either of them before this wicked thing was done.

But could she know of the murder?

He remembered the instruction given to Fanny. She was to write to Brussels. Let her therefore write at once. He would arrange what she was to say. Under his dictation, therefore, Fanny wrote as follows:—

"My Lady,—I have received your ladyship's letter, and your kind gift of ten pounds. I note your directions to write to you at Brussels, and I obey them.

"Mr. Mountjoy, who has been ill and in Scotland, has come back to London. He begs me to tell you that he has



had an interview with your lawyers and has learned that you have been in town on business, the nature of which he has also learned. He has left an important letter for you at their office. They will forward it as soon as they learn your address.

"Since I came back from Passy I have thought it prudent to set down in writing an exact account of everything that happened there under my own observation. Mr. Mountjoy has read my story, and thinks that I ought without delay to send a copy of it to you. I therefore send you one, in which I have left out all the names, and put in A, B, and C instead, by his directions. He says that you will have no difficulty in filling up the names.

"I remain, my dear Lady,

"Your ladyship's most obedient and humble servant,  
"FANNY MERE."

This letter, with the document, was dispatched to Brussels that night. And this is the trouble which Iris brought upon herself by answering Fanny's advertisement.

#### CHAPTER LX.

ON THE EVE OF A CHANGE.

Iris returned to Louvain by way of Paris. She had to settle up with the doctor.

He obeyed her summons, and called upon her at her hotel.

"Well, my lady," he began in his gross voice, rubbing his hands and laughing, "it has come off, after all; hasn't it?"

"I do not desire, Dr. Vimpany, to discuss anything with you. We will proceed to settle what business we have together."

"To think that your ladyship should actually fall in!" he replied. "Now I confess that this was to me the really difficult part of the job. It is quite easy to pretend that a

man is dead, but not so easy to touch his money. I really do not see how we could have managed at all without your co-operation. Well, you've had no difficulty, of course?"

"None at all."

"I am to have half."

"I am instructed to give you two thousand pounds. I have the money here for you."

"I hope you consider that I deserve this share?"

"I think, Dr. Vimpany, that whatever you get in the future or the present you will richly deserve. You have dragged a man down to your own level."

"And a woman too."

"A woman too. Your reward will come, I doubt not."

"If it always takes the form of bank-notes I care not how great the reward may be. You will doubtless, as a good Christian, expect your own reward—for him and for you?"

"I have mine already," she replied sadly. "Now, Dr. Vimpany, let me pay you, and get rid of your company."

He counted the money carefully and put it in the banker's bag in his coat-pocket. "Thank you, my lady. We have exchanged compliments enough over this job."

"I hope—I pray—that we may never set eyes on you again."

"I cannot say. People run up against each other in the strangest manner, especially people who've done shady things and have got to keep in the background."

"Enough!—enough!"

"The background of the world is a very odd place, I assure you. It is full of interesting people. The society has a piquancy which you will find, I hope, quite charming. You will be known by another name, of course?"

"I shall not tell you by what name."

"Tut—tut! I shall soon find out. The background gets narrower when you fall into misery."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Lady Harry, that your husband has no idea whatever as to the value of money. The two thousand that you are taking him will vanish in a year or two. What will you do then? As for myself, I know the value of money so well that I am always buying the most precious and delightful things with it. I enjoy them immensely. Never any man enjoyed good things so much as I do. But the delightful things cost money. Let us be under no illusions. Your ladyship and your noble husband and I all belong to the background; and in a year or two we shall belong to the needy background. I daresay that very soon after that the world will learn that we all belong to the criminal background. I wish your ladyship a joyful reunion with your husband!"

He withdrew, and Iris set eyes on him no more. But the prophecy with which he departed remained with her, and it was with a heart foreboding fresh sorrows that she left Paris and started for Louvain.

Here began the new life—that of concealment and false pretence. Iris put off her weeds, but she never ventured abroad without a thick veil. Her husband, discovering that English visitors sometimes ran over from Brussels to see the Hôtel de Ville, never ventured out at all till evening. They had no friends and no society of any kind.

The house, which stood secluded behind a high wall in its garden, was in the quietest part of this quiet old city; no sound of life and work reached it; the pair who lived there seldom spoke to each other. Except at the midday breakfast and the dinner they did not meet. Iris sat in her own room, silent; Lord Harry sat in his, or paced the garden walks for hours.

Thus the days went on monotonously. The clock ticked;



Once or twice he ventured into a café, sitting in a corner, his hat drawn over his eyes; but that was dangerous.

the hours struck; they took meals; they slept; they rose and dressed; they took meals again—this was all their life. This was all that they could expect for the future.

The weeks went on. For three months Iris endured this life. No news came to her from the outer world; her husband had even forgotten the first necessary of modern life—the newspaper. It was not the ideal life of love, apart from the world, where the two make for themselves a Garden of Eden; it was a prison, in which two were confined together who were kept apart by their guilty secret.

They ceased altogether to speak; their very meals were taken in silence. The husband saw continual reproach in his wife's eyes; her sad and heavy look spoke more plainly than any words "It is to this that you have brought me."

One morning Iris was idly turning over the papers in her desk. There were old letters, old photographs, all kinds of trifling treasures that reminded her of the past—a woman keeps everything; the little mementoes of her childhood, her first governess, her first school, her school friendships—everything. As Iris turned over these things her mind wandered back to the old days. She became again a young girl—innocent, fancy free; she grew up—she was a woman innocent still. Then her mind jumped at one leap to the present, and she saw herself as she was—innocent no longer, degraded and guilty, the vile accomplice of a vile conspiracy.

Then, as one who has been wearing coloured glasses puts them off and sees things in their own true colours, she saw how she had been pulled down by a blind infatuation to the level of the man who had held her in his fascination; she saw him as he was—reckless, unstable, careless of name and honour. Then for the first time she realised the depths into which she was plunged and the life which she was henceforth doomed to lead. The blind love fell from her—it was dead at last; but it left her bound to the man by a chain which nothing could break; she was in her right senses; she saw things as they were; but the knowledge came too late.

Her husband made no attempt to bridge over the estrange-

ment which had thus grown up between them; it became wider every day; he lived apart and alone; he sat in his own room, smoking more cigars, drinking more brandy-and-water than was good for him; sometimes he paced the gravel walks in the garden; in the evening, after dinner, he went out and walked about the empty streets of the quiet city. Once or twice he ventured into a café, sitting in a corner, his hat drawn over his eyes; but that was dangerous. For the most part he kept in the streets, and he spoke to no one.

Meantime the autumn had given place to winter, which began in wet and dreary fashion. Day and night the rain fell, making the gravel walks too wet and the streets impassable. Then Lord Harry sat in his room and smoked all day long. And still the melancholy of the one increased, and the boredom of the other.

He spoke at last. It was after breakfast.

"Iris," he said, "how long is this to continue?"

"This—what?"

"This life—this miserable solitude and silence."

"Till we die," she replied. "What else do you expect? You have sold our freedom, and we must pay the price."

"No; it shall end. I will end it. I can endure it no longer."

"You are still young. You will perhaps have forty years more to live—all like this—as dull and empty. It is the price we must pay."

"No," he repeated, "it shall end. I swear that I will go on like this no longer."

"You had better go to London and walk in Piccadilly to get a little society."

"What do you care what I do or where I go?"

"We will not reproach each other, Harry."

"Why—what else do you do all day long but reproach me with your gloomy looks and your silence?"

"Well—end it, if you can. Find some change in the life."

"Be gracious for a little, and listen to my plan. I have made a plan. Listen, Iris. I can no longer endure this life. It drives me mad."

"And me too. That is one reason why we should not desire to change it. Mad people forget. They think they are somewhere else. For us to believe that we were somewhere else would be in itself happiness."

"I am resolved to change it—to change it, I say—at any risk. We will leave Louvain."

"We can, I dare say," Iris replied coldly, "find another town, French or Belgian, where we can get another cottage, behind high walls in a garden, and hide there."

"No. I will hide no longer. I am sick of hiding."

"Go on. What is your plan? Am I to pretend to be someone else's widow?"

"We will go to America. There are heaps of places in the States where no English people ever go—neither tourists nor settlers—places where they have certainly never heard of us. We will find some quiet village, buy a small farm, and settle among the people. I know something about farming. We need not trouble to make the thing pay. And we will go back to mankind again. Perhaps, Iris—when we have gone back to the world—you will"—he hesitated—"you will be able to forgive me, and to regard me again with your old thoughts. It was done for your sake."

"It was not done for my sake. Do not repeat that falsehood. The old thoughts will never come back, Harry. They are dead and gone. I have ceased to respect you or myself. Love cannot survive the loss of self-respect. Who am I that I should give love to anybody? Who are you that you should expect love?"

"Will you go with me to America—love or no love? I cannot stay here—I will not stay here."

"I will go with you wherever you please. I should like not to run risks. There are still people whom it would pain to see Iris Henley tried and found guilty with two others on a charge of fraudulent conspiracy."

"I wouldn't accustom myself, if I were you, Iris, to speak of things too plainly. Leave the thing to me and I will arrange it. See now, we will travel by a night train from Brussels to Calais. We will take the cross-country line from



Amiens to Havre; there we will take boat for New York—no English people ever travel by the Havre line. Once in America we will push up country—to Kentucky or somewhere—and find that quiet country place: after that I ask no more. I will settle down for the rest of my life, and have no more adventures. Do you agree, Iris?”

“I will do anything that you wish,” she replied coldly.

“Very well. Let us lose no time. I feel choked here. Will you go into Brussels and buy a Continental Bradshaw or a Baedeker, or something that will tell us the times of sailing, the cost of passage, and all the rest of it? We will take with us money to start us with: you will have to write to your bankers. We can easily arrange to have the money sent to New York, and it can be invested there—except your own fortune—in my new name. We shall want no outfit for a fortnight at sea. I have arranged it all beautifully. Child, look like your old self.” He took an unresisting hand. “I want to see you smile and look happy again.”

“You never will.”

“Yes—when we have got ourselves out of this damnable, unwholesome way of life; when we are with our fellow-creatures again. You will forget this—this little business—which was, you know, after all, an unhappy necessity.”

“Oh! how can I ever forget?”

“New interests will arise; new friendships will be formed.”

“Harry, it is myself that I cannot forgive. Teach me to forgive myself, and I will forget everything.”

He pressed her no longer.

“Well, then,” he said, “go to Brussels and get this information. If you will not try to conquer this absurd moral sensitiveness—which comes too late—you will at least enable me to place you in a healthier atmosphere.”

“I will go at once,” she said. “I will go by the next train.”

“There is a train at a quarter to two. You can do all you have to do and catch the train at five. Iris—the chance of a change made him impatient—“let us go to-morrow. Let us go by the night express. There will be English travellers, but they shall not recognise me. We shall be in Calais at one in the morning. We will go on by an early train before the English steamer comes in. Will you be ready?”

“Yes; there is nothing to delay me. I suppose we can leave the house by paying the rent? I will go and do what you want.”

“Let us go this very night.”

“If you please: I am always ready.”

“No: there will be no time; it will look like running away. We will go to-morrow night. Besides, you would be too tired after going to Brussels and back. Iris, we are going to be happy again—I am sure we are.” He, for one, looked as if there was nothing to prevent a return of happiness. He laughed and waved his hands. “A new sky—new scenes—new work—you will be happy again, Iris. You shall go, dear. Get me the things I want.”

She put on her thick veil and started on her short journey. The husband's sudden return to his former good spirits gave her a gleam of hope. The change would be welcome indeed if it permitted him to go about among other men, and to her if it gave her occupation. As to forgetting—how could she forget the past, so long as they were reaping the fruit of their wickedness in the shape of solid dividends? She easily found what she wanted. The steamer of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique left Havre every eighth day. They would go by that line. The more she considered the plan the more it commended itself. They would at any rate go out of prison. There would be a change in their life. Miserable condition! To have no other choice of life but that of banishment and concealment: no other prospect than that of continual fraud renewed by every post that brought them money.

When she had got all the information that was wanted she had still an hour or two before her. She thought she would spend the time wandering about the streets of Brussels. The animation and life of the cheerful city—where all the people except the market women are young—pleased her. It was long since she had seen any of the cheerfulness that belongs to a busy street. She walked slowly along, up one street and down another, looking into the shops. She made two or three little purchases. She looked into a place filled with Tauchnitz Editions, and bought two or three books. She was beginning to think that she was tired and had better make her way back to the station, when suddenly she remembered the post-office and her instructions to Fanny Mere.

“I wonder,” she said, “if Fanny has written to me.”

She asked the way to the post-office. There was time if she walked quickly.

At the poste restante there was a letter for her—more than a letter, a parcel, apparently a book.

She received it and hurried back to the station.

In the train she amused herself with looking through the leaves of her new books. Fanny Mere's letter she would read after dinner.

At dinner they actually talked. Lord Harry was excited with the prospect of going back to the world. He had enjoyed his hermitage, he said, quite long enough. Give him the society of his fellow-creatures. “Put me among cannibals,” he said, “and I should make friends with them. But to live alone—it is the devil! To-morrow we begin our new flight.”

After dinner he lit his cigar, and went on chattering about the future. Iris remembered the packet she had got at the post-office, and opened it. It contained a small manuscript book filled with writing and a brief letter. She read the letter, laid it down, and opened the book.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW TALE BY WALTER BESANT.

In “The Illustrated London News” for Jan. 4, 1890, being the first Number of a New Volume, will be commenced a New Story by Walter Besant, entitled “Armored of Lyonesse: A Romance of To-day.”

Mr. F. S. W. Cornwallis, M.P., has given £500 towards the funds of the Maidstone Church Institute.

The Birmingham Cattle Show opened with a good display in the various classes, though the cattle were not numerous. Her Majesty was awarded four first prizes, three seconds, a high commendation, and finally took the Elkington Challenge Cup for the best animal in the cattle classes, a splendid shorthorn ox. Among other exhibitors were the Prince of Wales (one pen of his Southdown sheep being awarded second prize and two other pens being highly commended), the Duke of Hamilton, and the Duke of Portland. The annual meeting of the Norfolk Agricultural Association was held at Norwich on the same day, when Sir Edward Birkbeck was elected president. It was decided to hold the show of 1890 at Yarmouth on July 9 and 10. It was also resolved that, in the opinion of the association, the suppression of pleuro-pneumonia should be placed in the hands of the Government, and that compensation for slaughter should be paid out of the national exchequer and not from the local rates,

#### A DECORATOR.

BY MR. ALBERT MOORE.

Albert Moore, whose figure-study is given in the present Number, enjoys the distinction of standing almost if not quite alone in his special style of art. At one time, the classical influences which have brought Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Poynter, and others into prominence seem to shape his work; but he promptly broke away from them, and now stands as the chief exponent of purely decorative art. He contents himself generally with a single figure, upon which, as in the present instance, he expends all the delicacy of his taste and the resources of his brush. He is at all times a careful draughtsman; but it is on drapery that he lavishes his powers, and symmetry, rather than reality, is his aim. Neither passion nor dramatic action has any place in his work, which is, therefore, but slightly appreciated by the general public. On the other hand, among artists and connoisseurs Mr. Moore's refined work holds an almost unique place; and it is probable that, when decorative art in its truest sense, unalloyed by the neo-classicism which too often vitiates it, comes to be more fully recognised in this country, artists will turn to Mr. Albert Moore for guidance; and the English public will then recognise that we possess among us an artist endowed with qualities which our French neighbours value so highly, yet so rarely display. Perfection of line, purity of colour, and refinement of fancy are the characteristics of his style; while his preference for the Greek over the Italian treatment of drapery give to his work, just that touch of archaism which all decorative art should display.

#### A RESTAURANT AT LAHORE.

Lahore, the capital of the British Indian province of the Punjab, conquered in the Sikh war forty years ago, is a large city on the Ravee River, important as the seat of government, but not so splendid as it was in the sixteenth century, when Sultan Baber made it his favourite residence. It contains several grand mosques and superb tombs of the Mogul Emperors, and its suburban gardens are very beautiful, though robbed of their decorative sculpture by the Sikhs, whose religious and political capital was at Amritsar. The Government College and Lahore University, with the institutions for the study of native languages and history, Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Sikh, over which Dr. G. W. Leitner presided until about two years ago, have made this place a resort for Oriental learning, as well as the centre of educational activity in the Punjab. The native part of the town consists of narrow and crowded streets, with old houses, many of them stately in architecture, but neglected and decayed, like those of the chief cities of Turkey and Egypt. The picture by Mr. Weeks, which was in the last Exhibition of the Paris Salon, gives an idea of the aspect of a street in Lahore.

The City High Sheriff, Councillor William J. O'Donnell, has been unanimously elected Mayor of Limerick for the ensuing year.

An appeal has been issued, signed by Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. Linton, Mr. Wyke Baylis, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. E. Burne Jones, and Mr. Walter Crane, for help in erecting a large permanent and fireproof building for the South London Fine Art Gallery, on a freehold site which they have secured near Camberwell Vestry Hall. Only £4000 is required to carry out the work.

The Council of the Iron and Steel Institute has provisionally decided to hold the autumn meeting of the Institute in 1890 in the United States, in response to the invitation received. The meeting will take place in the latter part of September.

Mr. Arrol has been presented with the freedom of Dundee, in recognition of his services in the building of the Tay and Forth Railway Bridges. In acknowledging the honour Mr. Arrol expressed his indebtedness to his engineers and workmen, explaining that £2,000,000 had been paid in wages in building these two bridges.

The examiners appointed by the Arden trustees have awarded the Arden law scholarship of £60 a year, tenable for three years, to Mr. Ernest Brown Bowen Rowlands, who has been called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and who obtained a studentship at the Inns of Court examination in Trinity term 1888. The special subjects for examination for the scholarship were the “Law of Landlord and Tenant” and the “Law of Bills of Exchange.”

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER IS OUT OF PRINT.

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#### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

##### SOME MIXED RELATIONSHIPS.

In the old days of natural history, when there existed a veritable mania for defining species of animals and plants, and when a man's whole energy might be absorbed in the task of labelling living beings as if they were pots and pans in a warehouse, scarcely any doubt was ascertained regarding the exact and distinct nature of each kind of living thing. A crow, a chough, and a raven are probably three distinct species of birds. They are distinguished from one another by certain marks, not, it must be admitted, of very special character. They are, nevertheless, readily recognised as crows, choughs, and ravens respectively, whenever they are scrutinised by the practised eye. Again, their young hatch out into crows, choughs, and ravens, and there does not appear to be any admixture of the blood or breeds of these birds. So we say they are true “species”—the crow resembles his kind, and the chough his kind, and there, it might be thought, is an end of the matter. Unfortunately, however, instead of the matter being thus finished and done with, it is only begun. For, first of all, it is clear that to-day nobody who pretends to an intelligent interest in the world of life rests content with the assumption that the birds have from time immemorial always exhibited the slight differences on which our ideas of their distinct and separate nature are founded. We are, all of us, anxious to pierce by the eye of scientific faith the obscurity in which the past of living beings lies hid. The thought is borne in upon us day by day that, so far from species of animals being “steady and stolid” quantities, they are rather to be regarded as being of very variable nature indeed. For we know that living beings do vary and alter—some to a great extent, others scarcely at all, but one and all showing a tendency or bias towards change. If this idea (which I need hardly add is the basis of all modern biological thought) be admitted as worthy of further pursuit, it is not difficult to find many examples of relationships among animals, and plants also, which, in schoolboy language, appear as of a decidedly “mixed” character.

What, for example, are we to make out of the following case, the facts of which are perfectly well ascertained? On oak-trees grow the galls which are used in ink-making and in medicine. A gall is an excrescence, which, as most of my readers know, is due to the work of an insect. The gall-flies (of which the best-known group is that called *Cynips*) thus derive their popular name from their habit of gall-production. The mother gall-fly possesses a hollow pointed tube, which is known as the ovipositor. Down this tube pass the eggs which she fixes on the oak-tree. The gimlet-like ovipositor pierces the tree's bark. Some irritating fluid is doubtless injected into the plant-tissues along with the egg. At any rate, the tree swells at the seat of the puncture, and soon the gall appears; developing in this way as the investment of the young insect which, hatched in due season from the egg, passes its early stages within the vegetable tissues. Out of the gall, when its time arrives, the young gall-fly will issue forth. Now, it is needless to say that, in bygone days, zoologists very faithfully catalogued, defined, and described the gall-fly family in all its branches. This group of insects constitutes a well-known branch of the great class of winged things. One might conclude, with reason, that little was left to be desired in our knowledge of gall-fly habits or of gall-fly appearances. Yet, as the sequel will show, the relationships of these estimable insects are getting decidedly “mixed,” and the increase of knowledge in this case is becoming, as it too often does, an increase of sorrow to the otherwise contented mind of the natural historian.

The newer story of the gall-flies begins with the observation that down in the roots of the oak-tree, and in those parts of the roots which are but sparsely covered with earth, there reside gall-insects of peculiar kind. They come forth from their ground-galls wingless, and they are all mother-insects. It is curious also to observe that they cannot reproduce the galls from which they spring: so that, at first sight, an element of mystery attaches to these wingless females. From another part of the tree, in spring, issue forth the ordinary gall-flies. They arise from the galls borne on the ends of the branches, and these latter insects are winged, and exhibit a due proportion of both sexes. To the wingless mothers of the roots the name of *Biorhizas* has been given; while the winged males and females are placed in the group known by the term *Teras*. That the two kinds of insects are of different species would appear to be a very plain and reasonable inference. Habit and appearance are surely much more clearly defined and separated here than in the case of our crows. This much goes without saying. But all has not yet been told about the two kinds of gall-flies. From the roots, then, come the *Biorhizas*. They climb up the tree in a slow and deliberate fashion, as becomes insects which have no means of flight. Then they pass to the branches of the tree, and climb out to the very ends thereof. Next they begin to lay eggs (which, by the way, are not fertilised, of course) in the branches, and each egg is developed inside a gall. Out of these *Biorhiza*-eggs, strange to relate, come the winged *Teras* insects, so that first of all we see apparently one species of animal giving origin to another and entirely distinct species. The story then proceeds to show that the *Teras* insects in their turn (winged males and females as they are) produce fertilised eggs, which the mother *Teras* deposits in the roots of the tree. From these root-galls, as we have seen, the wingless *Biorhizas* are duly developed; so that we find in this case a kind of mutual and alternating exchange of parentage. The *Biorhiza* gives origin to the *Teras*, and the latter, in its turn, develops the *Biorhiza*. To use a very old simile, the offspring never resemble their parents, but their grandparents. It is a simple truism, then, to say that, somehow or other, the gall-fly relationships have become of a character certainly “mixed” in their type.

One explanation, at least, of this curious interchange of personalities—not unknown, by the way, in other insects and in other groups of animals—is perhaps more easily found than might at first sight be supposed. The history of our gall-flies is one in which apparently a youthful form of a species has acquired a wonderful power of producing young. We have to wait for the adult stage of things, as a rule, before the animal illustrates the power of like begetting like. Now and then, however, we do find that the young form has acquired a power of producing eggs, and of giving origin to new beings, as if it had attained its mature state. Given this power, then, we may see in the *Biorhiza* an illustration of a youthful form which has acquired an egg-laying habit. Its wingless state shows it to be less perfect than its winged neighbours. But, as the old strain strikes true, so out of the root-galls come forth the typical and perfect insects, whose eggs in turn stop short of their full development, as it were, and give origin to the imperfect *Biorhiza* individuals. All the same, if we did not know this curious piece of history, we might not have doubted that we were dealing with two distinct species of gall-flies. The lesson we learn is that it is scarcely safe to assert, and never safe to dogmatise, about the exact relationships of living beings, because now and then they show a tendency to become decidedly “mixed.”—ANDREW WILSON.





AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT AT LAHORE.

PICTURE BY E. L. WEEKS, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1889.



## OBITUARY.

## LORD CARBERY.

The Right Hon. George Patrick Percy, Baron Carbery of



Carbery, in the county of Cork, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet of the United Kingdom, died on Nov. 25, after a short illness, at his seat, Laxton Hall, near Wandsford, Northamptonshire. He was born March 17, 1810, the eldest son of Mr. Percy Evans-Freke, by Dorothea, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Christopher Harvey of Kyle, in the county of Wexford, and succeeded to the title on the death, May 12, 1845, of his uncle, the sixth Baron. His Lordship married, Aug. 5, 1852, Harriet Maria Catharine, daughter of the late General Edward William Shuldham, E.I.C.S., of Dunmanway, and leaves by her, who died Aug. 19, 1884, an only child, the Countess of Bandon. Having left no male issue, he is succeeded by the Hon. William Charles Evans-Freke, now eighth Baron Carbery. He was born in 1816, and was for many years Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards. He married, in 1851, Lady Katherine Felicia Pakenham, eldest daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Longford, by whom he has a daughter.

## LORD DE BLAQUIERE.

The Right Hon. William Barnard, fifth Baron De Blaquiere, of



Ardkilly, in the county of Londonderry, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet, Great Alnager of Ireland, died on Nov. 24. He was born Dec. 16, 1814, the younger son of William, third Baron De Blaquiere, by Lady Harriett Townshend, his wife, daughter of George, first Marquis Townshend, and succeeded his brother as fifth Baron, Jan. 2, 1871. He entered the Royal Navy in 1829, and retired as Captain in 1873. He married, Sept. 25, 1862, Anna Maria, only child of Mr. John Wormald of Brockworth Manor, Gloucestershire, but having left no issue he is succeeded in the title by his cousin William, now sixth Baron De Blaquiere, who was born in 1856, and married, in 1888, Lucianne, eldest daughter of Mr. George Desbarats of Montreal.

## SIR PERCY FLORENCE SHELLEY, BART.

Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart., on Nov. 5. He was born at Florence, Nov. 12, 1819, the only son of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, by Mary Wollstonecroft, his wife, daughter of William Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams." He succeeded his grandfather, Sir Timothy Shelley, second Bart. He married, June 22, 1848, Jane, widow of the Hon. Charles Robert St. John, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Gibson, and having no issue is succeeded by his first cousin, now Sir Edward Shelley, fourth Baronet, of Avington, Hants, born Dec. 10, 1827, and married, June 23, 1866, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Henry Mitchell Smyth of Castle Widenham, in the county of Cork, which lady died in 1886.

## SIR HENRY TORRENS, K.C.B.

Lieutenant-General Sir Henry D'Oyly Torrens, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, son of the late Mr. Henry W. Torrens, died on Dec. 1, aged fifty-six. He entered the Army in 1849, and became Lieutenant-General in 1881; served during Crimean War as A.D.C. to the late Major-General Sir Arthur Torrens, K.C.B. He married in 1876 a daughter of the late Colonel De Butts, R.E.

## MR. MATTHEW D'ARCY.

Mr. Matthew Peter D'Arcy, M.A., of Kileroney, Bray, in the county of Wicklow, J.P. and D.L., whose melancholy death, on Wednesday, Nov. 27, has caused such a deep impression, represented the county of Wexford in Parliament from 1868 to 1874, and served as High Sheriff of the City of Dublin in 1872. His funeral was attended to Glasnevin by vast numbers, so great was the popular feeling. Mr. D'Arcy was born in 1821, the only son of the late Mr. John D'Arcy, J.P. and D.L., Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin in 1852. He was twice married—first, in 1853, to Emma, daughter of Mr. William Knaresburgh of Inch House, in the county of Kilkenny; and secondly, in 1869, to Christina, daughter of Mr. James Daly of Castle Daly, in the county of Galway. He leaves several children.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral Jerningham, on Nov. 24, aged eighty-two years.

Colonel James Poyntz, an old Peninsular officer, recently, at his residence in Windsor, Nova Scotia, aged ninety-one.

General John Stafford Paton, C.B., on Nov. 28, at his residence, 86, Oxford-terrace, London. He had seen a great deal of service in India.

Lieutenant-General John Irwin Willes, Bengal Staff Corps, on Nov. 27, aged sixty-three. He served under Napier against the hill tribes in Scinde, and in the Punjab Campaign of 1849.

The Venerable Archdeacon Jones, late Archdeacon of Liverpool, and probably the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, on Dec. 5, at Waterloo, near Liverpool, in his ninety-ninth year.

Admiral V. A. Massingberd, on the Retired List, at the age of eighty-two years. The deceased entered the service in 1822, was Senior Lieutenant of the Blenheim during the operations in China in 1842, and retired with the rank of Captain in 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonel Eustace Anderson (late Victoria Rifles), on Dec. 2, at Mortlake, aged seventy. He was one of the founders of the Alpine Club, and a past-master of the Merchant Taylors' Company.

Mr. George Gilpin Brown of Sedbury Park, Richmond, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., suddenly, on Nov. 28, aged seventy-four. He was only son of the Rev. John Gilpin, by Jemima, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. George Brown of Stockton-on-Tees, and assumed the surname of Brown, in compliance with the will of his aunt, Lady Preston, in 1854. He married in 1847, Louisa, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas L. Dundas, and leaves issue.

Colonel Richard John Edgell, late of the Bengal Army, Chief Constable of Shropshire, on Nov. 26, at Claremont, Shrewsbury, aged sixty-six. He was for twenty-three years in H.M. Indian Army, received the Cabul and Punjab medals as well as the medal and clasp for Lucknow, and the thanks,

three times given, of Government. At Lucknow he was Military Secretary to Sir Henry Lawrence. In 1866 he received the appointment of Chief Constable of Shropshire.

The Hon. Henry William Petre, son of the eleventh Lord Petre, at the Manor House, Writtle, on Dec. 3, in the seventieth year of his age. He married, first, in 1842, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. Richard Walmesley of Middleton Hall, Essex, by which lady, who died in September 1885, he leaves a large family. The following year he married Sara, daughter of the late Mr. Stephen J. Cantwell, and widow of Mr. Julian Tolmé. The late Mr. Petre was in 1854 appointed a member of the Legislative Council in New Zealand.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, suddenly, while entering the Club train at Victoria Station on Dec. 3. She was the second daughter of the late Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, Bart., and married, in 1848, Major-General the Hon. Robert Bruce (son of the seventh Earl of Elgin), Governor to the Prince of Wales, who died in 1862. Mrs. Bruce, immediately after her marriage, was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman to her Majesty. She held a similar appointment in the Household of the Princess of Wales from 1863 to 1865, and in 1866 became Bedchamber Woman in Ordinary to the Queen. Her death is ascribed to syncope.

General John Alfred Street, C.B., at Uplands, Maybury Heath, Woking, in his sixty-seventh year. In 1842 he served with the 98th Regiment in the expedition to the north of China, for which he received the medal, and was present at the attack and capture of Chin-kiang-Foo, and at the landing before Nankin. In the Crimea he was present at the battles of Balaklava, Inkerman, the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and the expedition to Kinburn, and for these services received the medal and three clasps, the brevet rank of Major, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the fourth class of the Medjidieh, and was nominated a Companion of the Bath.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 13, 1889) of Mr. Alfred Penn, late of No. 19, Parkside, Albert-gate, who died on Oct. 18 last, at Lee, Kent, was proved on Nov. 30 by Frederic Stokes, FitzHardinge Robert Bayfield Liebenrood, and Charles Sewell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £151,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, pictures, books, furniture, and household effects to his brothers, John, William, and Frank, and his sisters, Mrs. Ellen Green and Mrs. Isabella Stokes; £10,000 to each of his said three brothers; £5000 each to Mr. F. R. B. Liebenrood and Mr. C. Sewell; £1000 to his brother-in-law Mr. F. Stokes; and £500 to his servant, D. Lover. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to his brother Frank, and one third, upon trust, for each of his sisters, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Stokes.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1889), with three codicils (dated Sept. 25 and Oct. 6 and 18 following), of Miss Sarah Ann Cawston, late of Folly House, near Baintree, Essex, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Dec. 2 by Samuel Jeffery McKee and Reuben Savard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £109,000. The testatrix gives her freehold house, Sunnyfield, and certain cottages and fields to Susannah Maude Sharpe; and the residue of her freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties to Edward Aubrey Courtauld Lowe. She bequeaths £2000 to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; £1000 to the Royal Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Ventnor; £500 to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road; £300 to the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields; £1000, upon trust, towards paying the stipend of the minister of the Free Christian Church at High Garrett and conducting the religious services there; and very numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. The residue of her personal estate is to be divided equally between Arthur Courtauld Willoughby Lowe and the said Edward Aubrey Courtauld Lowe.

The will (dated July 20, 1883) of Miss Anne Hadfield Ray, late of Claremont-place, Sheffield, who died on Aug. 24 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Nov. 9 by Benjamin Burdekin, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testatrix gives her furniture and household effects to her cousin, Anna Maria Smith; £6000, upon trust, for the said Anna Maria Smith, for life, and then as she shall appoint; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and others. All the foregoing are directed to be paid out of such part of her estate as cannot be bequeathed for charitable purposes; and the residue thereof, if any, she gives to her said cousin. Out of her pure personality she bequeaths £1000 each to the West Riding Charitable Society for the relief of the distressed families of the Clergy in the Archdeaconsries of York and Craven, the West Riding Medical Charitable Society, the British Medical Benevolent Institution, the Deakin Institution (Sheffield), the Friend of the Clergy Society (London), the Sheffield General Infirmary, the Boys' Charity School (Sheffield), the Girls' Charity School (Sheffield), the Aged Female Society (Sheffield), and the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor (Sheffield), all free of legacy duty. The residue of her pure personality is to be applied first in aid of the other part of her estate, and subject thereto she leaves the same to the Sheffield Public Hospital and Dispensary.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1889) of Mr. Henry Benyon Crichton, late of Wye Clifton, Hay, Radnorshire, who died on Sept. 26 last, at Bath, was proved on Dec. 2 by Mrs. Emma Charlotte Crichton, the widow, and Alan Henry Crichton and William Llewellyn Crichton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, pictures, books, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, and £400 to his wife; and £100 to each of his sons who shall have attained twenty-one. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then for his children as she shall appoint, and, in default of appointment, to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1887) of Mrs. Charlotte Braithwaite, late of Holmdale, Cheltenham, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Nov. 28 by Edward Masterman, the brother, and the Rev. Basil Braithwaite and the Rev. Ernest Lloyd Savory, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to each of her executors, and gives special directions as to her furniture and effects. The residue of her property, including £15,000 over which she has a power of appointment under the will of her father, Mr. John Masterman, M.P. for the City of London, she leaves, as to £8000, as her daughter Anna Wood shall appoint; as to a moiety of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for her son Robert; and as to the other moiety, upon trust, for her said daughter.

The will (dated June 21, 1875), with a codicil (dated Jan. 26, 1889), of Miss Mary Elizabeth Buckle, formerly of Priory-place, Bath, and late of Littledown-road, Bournemouth, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Nov. 22 by Christopher Richard Buckle, the brother, and Henry Lee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testatrix gives legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and

servants; and leaves the residue of her estate and effects, real and personal, upon trusts, for the benefit of her said brother, and her sisters, Frances Martha Fearnley and Eleanor Tining, and their children.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1889) of Major-General Edward Davidson, R.E., late of Tudor House, Wandsworth, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Nov. 22 by Frederick George Davidson, the brother, William Butler Wasbrough, the nephew, and Peregrine Charles Cotton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator gives legacies to children, and the residue of his property to his daughter, Lucy Noel Davidson.

## THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE, PORTSMOUTH.

It is well known that, for seventeen years past, by the devoted and unwearied exertions of a benevolent and patriotic lady, who began her labours for the benefit of our soldiers in 1862, at different home barracks and camps of troops during autumn manoeuvres, an institution has existed at Portsmouth of which we now present some illustrations. Miss Sarah Robinson, though she was, from before her commencement of this work, a lifelong invalid with an incurable spinal disease, has often travelled about to solicit aid for her generous undertakings, to which, in 1879, she added an establishment for sailors, "The Welcome," near the gates of Portsmouth Dockyard.

It was in 1874 that, with funds raised by donations and subscriptions—herself contributing £2000—she purchased the old Fountain Hotel, in High-street, Portsmouth, and buildings adjacent, and fitted up the institute for soldiers of the British Army and sailors of the Royal Navy, who now have two separate institutes, each affording the conveniences and advantages of a club. This is combined with a shelter for the wives and families of men embarking or disembarking from the troop-ships, and for widows and orphans, personally superintended by Miss Robinson and her lady assistants, residing there at their own expense. The Soldiers' Institute contains a library and reading-room, class-rooms for studies, a large concert-hall or lecture-hall, a billiard-room, and rooms and grounds for other games, a skittle-alley, garden, baths, lavatory, refreshment-bar (temperance), and coffee-room, bed-rooms for single men and for family men, luggage-rooms, and other apartments. Every troop-ship as it comes or goes is visited, and thousands of books distributed and conveyed all over the world, while hot coffee is provided on the embarkation jetty for troops coming home or going out. Books are also sent periodically to all her Majesty's ships, and to regiments serving abroad, the little "troop-ship books," written by Miss Robinson herself, being most highly prized. An extensive correspondence is kept up with the soldiers and sailors. Mothers' meetings, men's Bible classes, temperance meetings, entertainments, Band of Hope, gospel services, and other meetings, both in and out of the house, are carried on; and in the Portsmouth garrison widows are helped, girls fitted out for service, and orphans placed in homes; the married quarters are visited, and employment given to the soldiers' wives.

The "Sailors' Welcome," situated a mile distant from the Soldiers' Institute, comprises a good temperance refreshment bar, lavatories, baths, reading-room, billiards, locker-room, hall to seat four hundred, and two hundred and twenty beds, all there is space for, but not always sufficient for the men who flock to the house. The premises are very large and complete, the entire cost being £15,000, of which £10,000 has been already subscribed—Miss Robinson herself giving another £1000. This house is self-supporting as to its current expenses.

Our illustrations of the Soldiers' Institute show the comfortable, well-furnished reading-room in which men can find quiet recreation; the pleasant lounge on the roof of one of the halls, provided with garden seats, from which they can view the ships passing up and down, or smoke a pipe on a summer's evening; also a meeting of wives at Eastney, presided over by Miss Robinson or a helper; and, lastly, the coffee-shed, from which the cold and weary troops could, on embarking or disembarking, procure a cup of the warming but not inebriating beverage. We will further observe that the institute, with its varied work, is supported by voluntary contributions, which are earnestly desired, and will be gladly received by Miss Sarah Robinson, the founder and conductor, at Portsmouth.

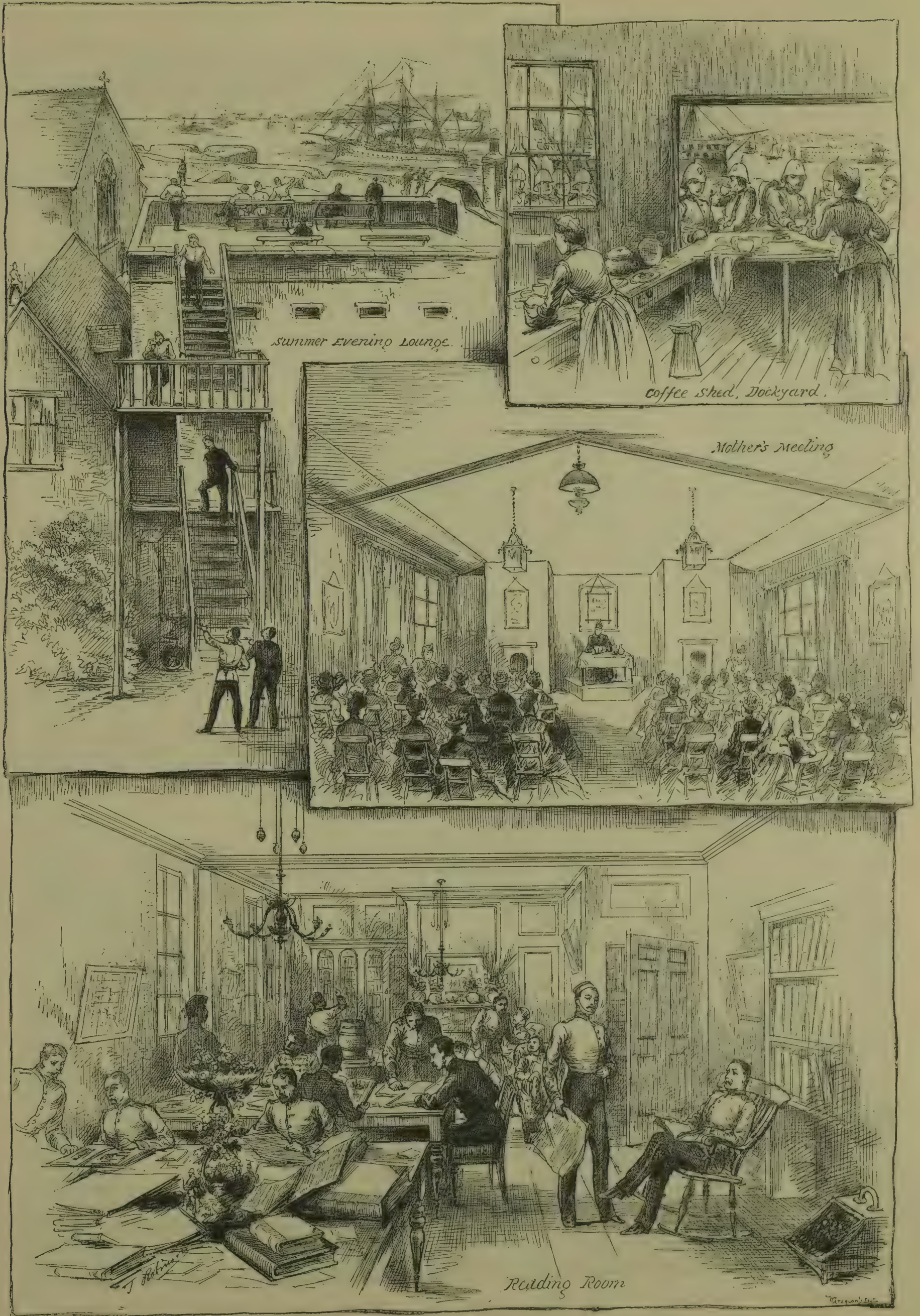
## SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

A few additional sketches, by Mr. W. J. Stearns, who was engaged from 1881 to 1885 on the engineering staff of the Alagoas Railway, show the habits and aspect of some classes of the people in that province of Brazil, which is adjacent to Pernambuco, on the Atlantic coast, in about the ninth degree of latitude south of the Equator. The commercial port of Maceio is in Alagoas Bay. The sketch called "Engineering Extraordinary" represents an incident which happened in the early days of the railway. The natives, who had never seen a surveying party at work, were much struck with the novelty of the thing; and some of the younger members of society became so impressed with the movements of the English "engenheiros" that, upon more than one occasion, they were prompted to do a little surveying on their own account—thus proving that Brazilian children are second to none in precocity. The Brazilians, as a nation, are extremely patriotic, but not, it seems, particularly loyal. As the fortunate possessors of one of the largest and richest countries on earth—with an area of something like 3,000,000 square miles—they are fully alive to the fact that their land has not made the progress it ought; but they do not appear to be aware that, as a nation and as individuals, they sadly lack energy. They always give one the idea that they wished to do well, if they could only find somebody to do it for them. But the enormous size of Brazil and the thin, unevenly distributed population have, perhaps, in a great measure discouraged the spirit of the people. The vast interior of the country still remains for the most part unknown, or, at all events, undeveloped, and until some great wave of commercial enterprise, backed by a flood of emigration, shall wash over this mighty land, Brazil will ever remain what it is—a country of the future.

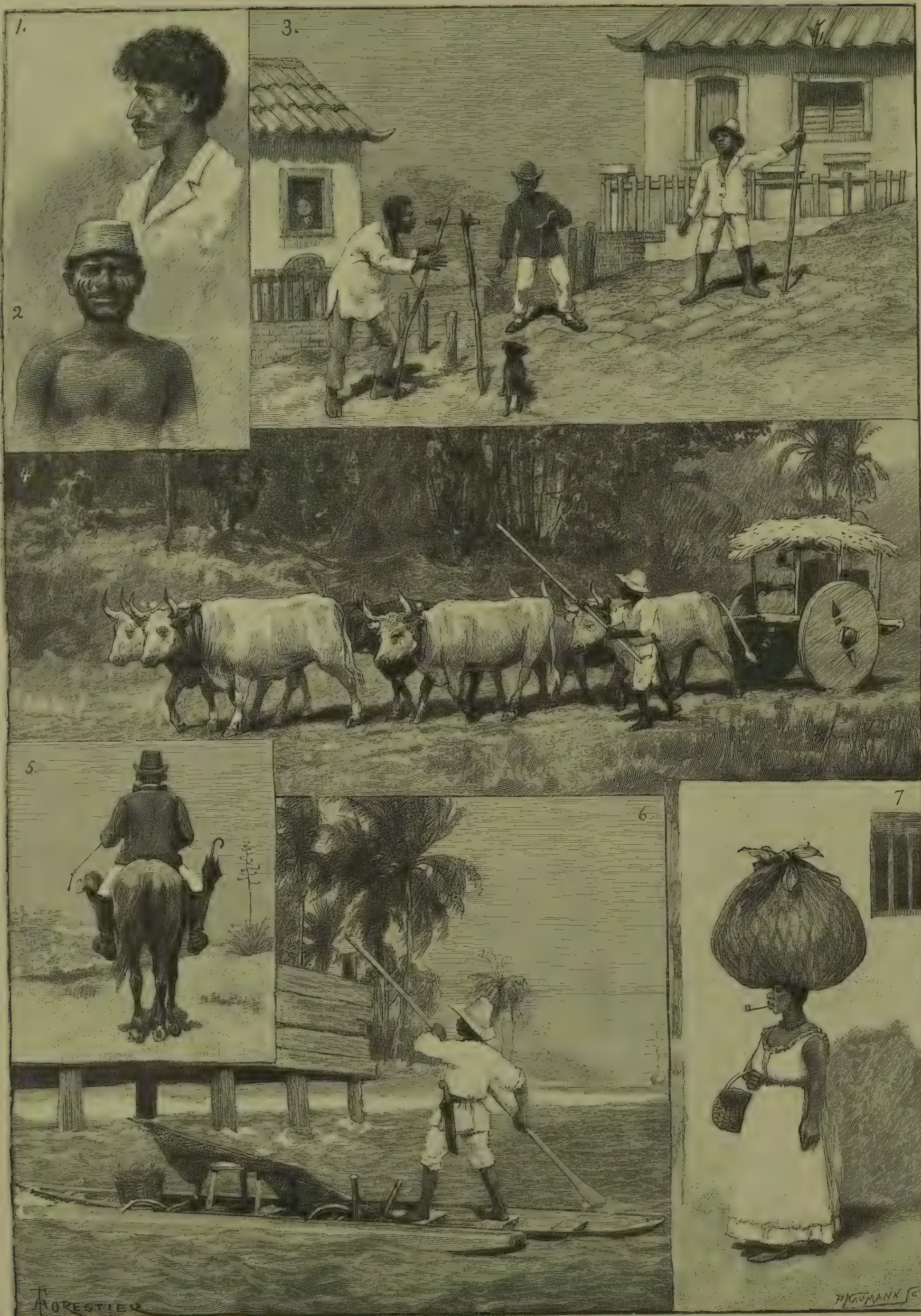
The Shakspeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon has received an important gift of books from the Indian Government. In response to a letter sent to Lord Dufferin at the time he was Viceroy, the Government have been at considerable pains to collect all the translations of Shakspeare's works published in India, and have transferred them as a donation to the Memorial Library.

Lord Coleridge, with whom was Lady Coleridge, presided on Dec. 5 over the annual gathering of past and present students of the Stockwell Training College for Young Women. After singing and recitations, Professor Henry Morley addressed the members of the institution, who now number 120. Lord Coleridge expressed pleasure at seeing the uprooting of old prejudices against the education of women, and reminded the teachers of the great end in life, which is to strive to leave society the better for our having been,









1. José, a young half-breed.  
2. A "trapiche" man, or porter.

3. Engineering extraordinary, Alagoas Railway.  
4. A "Carroca," or up-country cart.

5. On the way up-country: Novel use for top boots.  
6. Jangada, or catamaran.  
7. Taking the washing home.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCES OF BRAZIL.





R. TAYLOR

SKETCHES FROM "THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.



## MUSIC.

## "THE GONDOLIERS; OR, THE KING OF BARATARIA."

In this new comic opera—produced at the Savoy Theatre on Dec. 7—we have again to recognise the happy combination of Sir Arthur Sullivan's musical genius with the literary merits of Mr. W. S. Gilbert: a co-operation that has been happily realised on many previous occasions, and will probably again be widely welcomed. The only fortunate parallel to such an association is that offered by the many exquisite works produced by Scribe and Aubert, in which the refined epigrammatic humour of the first was equalled by the bright and graceful music of Aubert, these works being among the best existing embodiments of French characteristics in each respect. It is to be regretted that they should have been so largely ignored of late, even in the country of their nationality, where the vague and ponderous style of the modern so-called "romantic" German school, and the flippant and shallow tone of "opera-bouffe," have gone far to repress, if not to destroy, the natural and spontaneous expression of French vivacity and grace in music. It is, therefore, the more important to recognise the merits of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, the music of which stands out in welcome relief against the coarseness and empty shallowness of much of that of the day.

The music now referred to is, in many respects, a worthy successor to the productions that have preceded it from the same source. Sir Arthur Sullivan in "The Gondoliers" adds another to the many proofs he has given of his versatile powers. In almost every form of the art he has produced works that have achieved more than a fugitive success; many of them continuing in frequent requisition in public performances. From the serious nature of his earlier works, which include orchestral pieces—and cantatas, sacred as well as secular—it could, at one time, scarcely have been predicted that he would develop so strong a faculty for the humorous in music as that which has been abundantly evidenced in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. This power stands in strong and remarkable contrast to many of his works in a serious style—notably, to his grand oratorio "The Light of the World," produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1873.

To return to the music of "The Gondoliers," we have here again evidence of the possibility of the coexistence of pungent humour, even of demonstrative fun, with graceful melody and artistic structure; with varied combinations and contrasts of orchestral effects such as the composers of opera-bouffe are mostly incapable of. Each of the two acts of which the opera consists affords evidence of these qualities, the first act being perhaps the more important, musically, as it is the longer in extent. The opening chorus of *contadine*—for female voices—is charming in its bright melodiousness; and much of the following choral music possesses the same attractive features. From among the solo music in Act I, we may specify Antonio's characteristic song, "For the merriest fellows are we"; the following duets for Giuseppe and Marco; and the subsequent concerted music, including some charming phrases for chorus of girls—the Duke's characteristic song, "In enterprise"; Luiz's sentimental ballad, "Thy wintry scorn"; the love duet, "There was a time," for him and Casilda; the quaint song, "I stole the Prince," for the Grand Inquisitor; the lively quintet, "Try we life-long"; Tessa's piquant song, "When a merry maiden"; and Gianetta's pleasing air, "Kind sir," leading to an animated and well-contrasted finale, in which the spirited quartet "Then one of us" is a special feature.

In the second division of the opera effective pieces were Giuseppe's patter-song, "First we polish off"; Marco's very melodious ballad, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes"; a gay "cachuca" movement; a very beautiful quartet, "In a contemplative fashion"; a song for the Duchess, a duet for her and the Duke, a quintet in gavotte style, and a finale in which are reminiscences of previously heard themes. During the course of the opera there are occasional touches of a national rhythm in the music that help largely towards an effect of "couleur locale." The musical performance was throughout, on the whole, highly efficient, and evidenced the long and careful preparation that the work had received.

In the character of Gianetta, the sympathetic voice of Miss G. Ulmar was well suited; the music of Tessa having been rendered with due archness and point by Miss Jessie Bond, and that for Casilda with much grace by Miss D. Moore. The music for Marco and Luiz was smoothly sung, respectively, by Mr. C. Pounds and Mr. Brownlow; and the quaint music assigned to Giuseppe, the Duke of Plaza-Toro, and Don Alhambra was given with proper demonstrative effect, respectively, by Messrs. R. Barrington, F. Wyatt, and Denny—Mr. Metcalf having been satisfactory in the music of Antonio. The subordinate musical share of the Duchess was carefully given by Miss R. Brandram; other ladies and gentlemen having in their respective degrees contributed to the general efficiency of the performance. A well-selected orchestra and a particularly good chorus are important features in the arrangements. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted the opening performance; Mr. Cellier replacing him afterwards.

The story of "The Gondoliers" is told in another column.

The second of Sir Charles Hallé's orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall (on Dec. 6) presented no novelty, but was nevertheless (perhaps therefore) of strong interest. Sir Charles appeared (as he has often before) in the double capacity of conductor and pianist, having played Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 (in G) with his well-known skill, besides directing other orchestral works which require no special mention.

At the Saturday afternoon Popular Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 7, Professor Stanford's new sonata for pianoforte and violoncello was repeated, again rendered by the composer and Signor Piatti, as on the occasion of its recent first production at one of the evening Popular Concerts. The programme of the Monday evening concert of Dec. 9 contained no novelty. Madame Néruda was again announced as the leading violinist, and Madame Haas as the solo pianist—Mr. P. Green having been engaged as vocalist.

The eighth Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of the series, and last but one of the year (on Dec. 7), included a repetition of Mr. F. Cliffe's orchestral symphony, which met with the same success as before. Miss M. Osborn made a very favourable impression by her clever rendering of Beethoven's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto, and Madame L. Pyk was the vocalist. Herr Goldmark's characteristic overture "Sakuntala" was introduced on the same occasion.

The second afternoon performance of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall offered the usual strong attractions in a varied programme of vocal pieces—some being established favourites, and others recent contributions to the repertoire. Mr. E. Fanning's well-trained choir continues to be a special feature at these concerts, as does the occasional co-operation of Madame Néruda as solo violinist.

The first of three subscription concerts of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society was announced to take place at St. James's Hall on Dec. 10.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, TSONOMY (Furnival's Inn).—If you have read the author's solution of No. 2377 correctly, is not the following exceedingly obvious?—1. Q to K B sq, Kt to K B 4th; 2. Q takes Kt (ch), K to Q 3rd; 3. Q to K 6th, mate.

J. P. SLINGSBY ROBERTS (Brighton).—We have repeatedly explained that the position was quite right, and strictly legal.

W. SCOTT McDONALD.—The tone of off-hand criticism is always superior to its judgment. The problem you select for disarrangement has drawn more than a usual amount of praise from our best solvers.

FRANK BYGOTT (Beverley).—We have the matter in hand, if nothing has yet come of it.

E. J. WINTER WOOD.—Problem duly received with thanks. The first impressions of it are very favourable.

G. ADAMSON.—Thanks for notice.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2369 and No. 2370 received from O. Balk (Yokohama); of No. 2378 from Lieut-Col Lomine and J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2379 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), Gino de Rossi (Pisa), David Gowers (Haverhill), S. Rover (Windsor), John G. Grant, Del Desso, and A. Gwinner (Seaford); of No. 2381 from D. McCoy (Galway), Walter Hooper, Rev. Winfield Cooper, James Sage, Joseph T. Pullen, Shadforth, Thomas Chown, and F. Smart; of Mr. Heathcote's Problem from Del Desso, Bernard Reynolds, and F. Smart.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2382 received from Alpha, R. Winters (Canterbury), Martin F. N. Harris, Dawn, Bernard Reynolds, E. O. Gorman (Dublin), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Mrs. Kelly, Thomas Chown, T. G. (Ware), Jupiter Junior, J. Dixon, B. Casella (Paris), J. Coad, F. Smart, E. Rogers, Howard A. D. McCoy (Galway), E. London, A. W. Hamilton (Gell, Exeter), Julia Short (Exeter), L. Desanges, E. E. H. T. Roberts, W. L. Baileys, Dr. F. St. James, Sage, Shadforth, A. Newman, C. B. Terenzi, G. J. Yeale, R. H. Brooks, Columbus, R. S. B. (Don Rhydding), W. Scott McDonald, Captain A. Challice, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W. Wright, G. Miller, and Ben Nevis.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2380.—By F. G. TUCKER

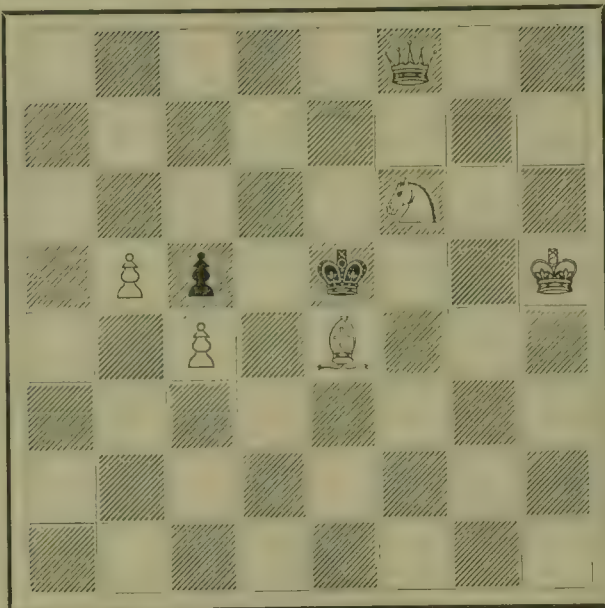
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Q 3rd K takes Kt  
2. Q to K 3rd (ch) K to B 7th  
3. B to R 4th, mate.

This problem can also be solved by 1. Q to Kt 5th.

## PROBLEM No. 2381.

By W. HEITZMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Game played between Messrs. GUNSBURG and L. VAN VLIET.

(King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. K to B sq	B takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	19. B takes B	K R to Kt sq
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	20. Q to K 2nd	P to R 6th
4. B takes Q P	Q to R 5th (ch)	21. K to K sq	Q to Kt 7th
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	22. Q takes Q	P takes Q
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th	23. K R to Kt sq	P takes P
7. P to K R 4th	B to Kt 2nd	24. K to B 2nd	
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
9. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 2nd		
10. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 3rd		
11. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q B 3rd		

A move that is usually bad in this opening, as it gives a chance for the opposing Kt to come in at Q 4th. Here, however, it appears to be quite safe, for White cannot play P to K 5th without exchanging Queens.

12. B to Kt 3rd Kt to R 3rd  
13. B to Q 2nd B to Kt 5th  
Threatening Castles (Q R), followed by B takes Kt.  
14. P to Q 5th

A safer line of play would be 14. P takes Kt P, R takes P; 15. R takes R, B takes R; 16. Kt to K 2nd.

15. Kt to B 4th Kt takes B  
16. R P takes B B takes Kt  
17. P takes B P takes P (dls. ch.)

18. K to B sq  
19. B takes B  
20. Q to K 2nd  
21. K to K sq  
22. Q takes Q  
23. K R to Kt sq  
24. K to B 2nd

White cannot retake P, for Black replies with Kt takes P, &c.

25. P takes P  
26. Q R to K sq  
27. P takes P  
28. R takes P  
29. K takes R  
30. K to B 2nd  
31. R to Q sq  
32. R to Q 7th (ch)  
33. R to R 7th  
34. R takes P at R 6th R to K sq  
35. K to B 3rd K to Kt 4th  
36. R to R sq R to K 2nd  
37. R to R 2nd

Ingenuously tempting Kt to R 5th (ch); 38. R takes Kt, K takes R; 39. B to B 6th (ch).

37. R to B 2nd  
38. R to Kt 2nd (ch) K to B 4th  
Drawn game.

We have received the December number of the *Sussex Chess Journal*, which affords striking evidence of the great success of the County Association. As a further proof of the local popularity of the game, the *Sussex Standard*, published at Littlehampton, has commenced a chess column, starting it with a problem by Bernard Reynolds, so favourably known to our own solvers.

A new chess club has just been started at Beverley, in connection with the Church Institute.

The City Tournament of 140 members is going on steadily at the rate of a round per week. In No. 1 section Mr. Loman is still leading with a score of 5½ out of 7 games played. After him come: Mr. Mocatta, 4½ out of 7; the Rev. Mr. Sugden, 4 out of 6; Mr. Pazi, 4 out of 7; Mr. Serrallier (winner of last year's tournament), 3½ out of 6; Mr. Vyse, 3 out of 6; Mr. Hooke, 2½ out of 4; Mr. Woon, 2½ out of 7; and Mr. Chappell, 2 out of 5. In No. 2 section, which like No. 1 is composed of first-class players, Mr. E. O. Jones is leading with a score of 4 out of 6. After him come: Dr. Smith and Mr. Eckenstein, with 3 out of 4 each; Mr. Ross, 3 out of 5; Mr. Morian, 2½ out of 3; Mr. Howell, 2½ out of 4; and Mr. Knight, 2½ out of 6.

The award of Messrs. Koltz and Kockelkorn, the judges in the International Problem Tourney of the Munich Chess Congress, has just been issued in a rather voluminous form. In all, 341 problems were contributed by the most celebrated composers of the day, the list of names including those of Conrad Beyer, S. Loyd, A. P. Mackenzie, B. G. Laws, G. J. Slater, and many others of equal repute. For four-movers the first prize fell to F. Schindler, Vienna, and the second to J. Salminger, Munich. In the three-movers, A. Norlin, Stockholm, was first; M. Ehrenstein, second; and C. Behling, Riga, third. A special prize was offered for the best problem constructed with a given mating position, and this fell to J. Pospisil, of Prague. Among the English and American competitors Messrs. S. Loyd, A. F. Mackenzie, H. F. L. Meyer, and E. N. Frankenstein were highly commended. We append the position of first-prize three-mover, and will acknowledge solutions:

White: K at K R 8th, Q at K B 8th, Kts at K 3rd and K 6th, Rs at K Kt 3rd and Q Kt 5th, B at Q B sq, Ps at K Kt 6th and K R 7th.  
Black: K at Q 6th, Rs at K R 6th and Q 6th, B at K B 6th, Kt at K R 4th, P at Q 3rd, Q B 5th, Q K 6th, and Q B 7th.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Among the announcements of recent miscellaneous concerts were Miss A. Bartlett's third historical pianoforte recital at the Hampstead Conservatoire Hall; a recital, at St. James's Hall, by that estimable pianist Miss Emma Barnett; Miss Henden-Warde's morning concert at Steinway Hall; Mrs. Ralph's second concert of chamber music at Princes' Hall; and Miss M. Townsend's concert at the Marlborough Rooms.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Song Stories for Children," by J. L. Molloy. (Chappell and Co.)—Here are six vocal pieces, simple in style, with prominent melodies calculated to interest juvenile people, who will find no difficulty either in the voice part or in the accompaniment. One (No. 3) is enhanced by the addition of a chorus and a harmonium accompaniment. The words of some of the songs are by Tennyson, Mr. F. C. Burnand, and Mr. Weatherly; those of others being by the composer himself. Some characteristic illustrations, by Helen Mackenzie, add to the attractiveness of the volume, and will enhance its interest with youngsters, for whom it will prove an acceptable and inexpensive gift.

Chappell's *Musical Magazine* (Christmas Number) is, as heretofore, appropriated entirely to dance music, in various modern forms, and suitable for use during the approaching festive season. Ten pieces—quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes (one being also a vocal piece)—are by well-known composers of that class of music.

Chappell's *Musical Magazine*, No. 133, consists of a collection of ten hunting songs; the music of some is adapted from tunes of a long-past period, that of several being by Macfarren, Hatton, Theo. Marzials, and other modern composers. The words of some are by Major Whyte Melville.

"Tell Me to Stay" is a pleasing song, in the sentimental style, by F. P. Tosti, who has set some smoothly flowing lines by C. Bingham to a melody that is essentially vocal in character. Messrs. Chappell and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Jack's Wedding Morn." The words (by the writer of those of the song previously mentioned) are of a jovial character, and the music, by F. Boscovitch, is appropriately demonstrative and nautical in style and rhythm. "Were I the River" is the title of another song of which the words are by C. Bingham, the music of this being by Signor Tito Mattei, well known as an excellent pianist. The piece now referred to is a love-song, in which a taking melody is associated with an accompaniment of more importance than that of the average ballad of the day. From Messrs. Chappell we have also some pianoforte music, among which are twenty characteristic pieces—being an instalment of forty such by Carlo Albanesi. They are progressive in importance and difficulty, each having a distinctive title suggestive of its intended expression. They will prove serviceable and interesting to young students.

"The Art of Breathing," by Leo Koller. (Trübner and Co.)—The author of this treatise is organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity parish, New York City. He prefaces his book by an autobiographical sketch, in which he traces the influences that have led him to the principles and conclusions propounded in his work, which is divided into three parts, comprising sixteen chapters treating of the modes of tone-production as relating to singers, elocutionists, educators, lawyers, preachers, and "all others desirous of having a pleasant voice and good health." The physiology of the vocal organs is described in a popular manner; directions are given for the management of the breath, and the cultivation of tone, pointing out faults and their remedy. Apart from merely musical pursuits, the book will be found valuable by all who wish to speak or sing with effective and healthy use of the lungs and throat.

"A System of Harmony for Teacher and Pupil." By J. A. Broekhoven. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.)—Here is another book from an American source, the author being teacher of harmony and composition at the College of Music of Cincinnati. The study of harmony has frequently been rendered so complex and confusing to novices as to deter rather than encourage students. The author of the work now referred to has furnished a compact treatise, the arrangement of which is in conformity with Richter's well-known "Manual of Harmony." The three parts of which Mr. Broekhoven's little book consists are divided into chapters in which the various aspects of the science of harmony are treated of, with illustrative examples, and questions for examination; forming altogether a useful guide for teacher and pupil.

Among the recent vocal publications of Messrs. Boosey and Co. are several songs calculated for circulation in drawing-rooms and elsewhere. "The Sailor's Dance," words and music by J. L. Molloy, has an appropriate nautical tone in each respect. The melody is striking in its clearly defined and vigorous phrasing, and is well suited for a declamatory singer. "The Golden Harvest," by F. L. Moir, was written and composed expressly for Madame Antoinette Stirling. The song is of the sentimental kind, and is highly expressive, both in the words and the music. "Stay, darling, stay," by Theo. Marzials, if not very original in its melody, is bright and piquant, somewhat in dance style. "The Curfew Bell," by Louis Diehl, is rendered impressive by the frequent use of a pedal bass and the reiteration of a bell-like passage.

"Suisum Corda" ("Lift your hearts") is a song of which the words and the music are both by M. Piccolomini. The sentiment of the text is of a serious and pathetic nature, and this is well reflected in the musical setting, which is simple in style, but perhaps quite as effective as a more pretentious effort might have been. Messrs. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of "The Windmill," the words of which are from Longfellow, the music being by Hugh Temperley, who has produced a vigorous song, with a highly figurative pianoforte accompaniment. "A Garden of Memories," the late Michael Watson's popular song, has served as the basis of a set of effective waltzes by May Ostlere, and this is also from Messrs. Cocks and Co., who are issuing some two-part songs, for equal treble voices, the words from various authors, the music by Alfred Redhead. No. 1 is entitled "Summer," and is a bright and tuneful duet, in which the voices are effectively displayed in alternation and combination. The same publishers have brought out twenty-four exercises for a contralto voice, by G. Tartaglione. The first book of these contains thirteen studies, which are well calculated to promote facility in the execution of passages of various kinds, and the command of different degrees of tone and power. Each exercise is associated with a pianoforte accompaniment.

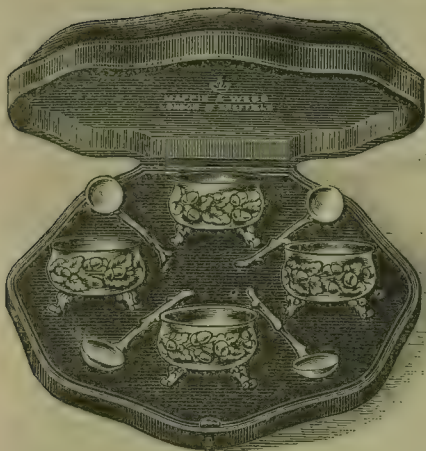
"Ave Maria," by Charles Gounod. This is a second "Meditation" by the composer of "Faust," based on a prelude by Bach (in D minor), and similar in treatment to the previous piece by Gounod founded on another prelude from the same source. That now noticed has recently been given with much success at London concerts. Some flowing vocal strains are associated with the features of the prelude in the pianoforte part, to which is added a violin part, with accompaniments for violoncello and organ (ad libitum). The effect is extremely pleasing in the contrast between the smooth beauty of the modern additions and the antique style of Bach. Messrs. Hopkinson, of New Bond-street, are the publishers, by whom it is issued in various keys, so as to suit voices of different ranges. The same firm publish two charming vocal duets, "Song of the Mill" and "At Daybreak," by Mary Carmichael. The music for the voices flows gracefully, and the pianoforte accompaniment is of a kind very superior to that of much of the vocal pieces of the day.



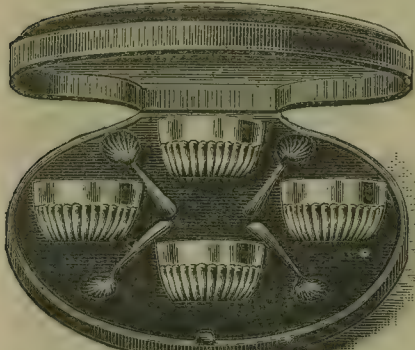
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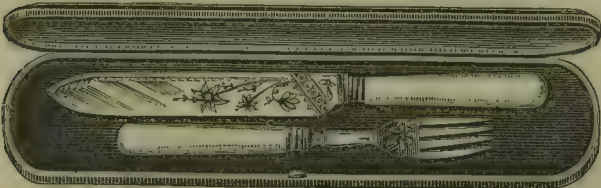


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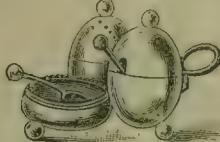
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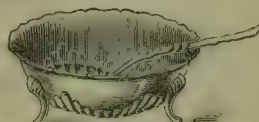
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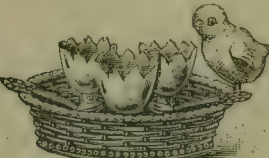
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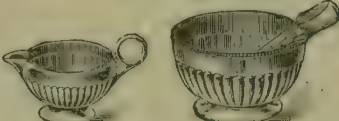
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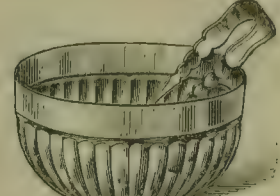
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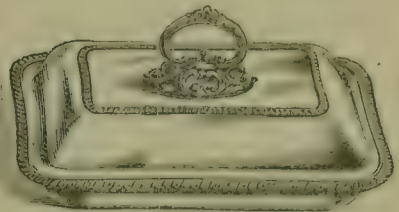
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ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

The good fortune of this society in possessing two large galleries (148, New Bond-street) enables the director to have a rapid succession of exhibitions without unduly hurrying the public. The drawings and studies by our leading artists still remain on view; but Mr. Stacey Marks's birds have given place to Mr. A. W. Weedon's water-colours, of which the subjects are from the extreme south of England—Sussex—and almost the extreme north of Scotland—Ross-shire. In depicting scenery so different Mr. Weedon (who has long since made his mark at the Institute) shows no small skill, as well as sympathy with the strong contrasts with which his wanderings bring him in contact. In his southern scenery, the influence of De Wint is traceable in the colouring, but not in the treatment of foreground, upon which Mr. Weedon lavishes sometimes excessive care. Of these, the most noticeable are the views of "Romney Marsh" (14) and "Rough Pasture" (37); while in his treatment of Arundel (11) as seen from the park and the "Bridge over the Arun" (46) at Amberley there is rather the suggestion of the teaching of Copley Fielding. Two other studies, one of waves (56) breaking on the flat sands and the other of the picturesque town of Winchelsea (34) as seen in the evening twilight, are excellent specimens of Mr. Weedon's work.

It is in his Scotch work, however, that he displays greater compass and resource. His appreciation of the value of mist, cloud, and atmosphere is here brought out with considerable

strength, as in such charming works as "Mist on the Hills" (31) and an almost companion picture, "Sunshine and Shadow" (20), in which the fleecy clouds creeping up the hill-side, and caught momentarily by the sun, are full of delicate work and feeling. In the grander scenery which surrounds Loch Torridon and the glens topped by the quartz-glittering rocks of that splendid range, Mr. Weedon proves himself equally at home. He manages to preserve, in spite of his occasionally over-careful drawing, the feeling of loneliness which distinguishes the district lying in close neighbourhood of what Mr. Wedmore happily terms "the fashionable wildness" of Loch Maree. In depicting the rushing waters of the river Ewe (50) in spate Mr. Weedon has been also successful, and still more in the dreary bit of moorland (28), which lies above Kinlochewe, bounded on both sides by heather-covered, rock-strewn hills. Altogether, the exhibition recalls some of the pleasantest scenery in Northern and Southern Britain.

MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY.

At the sign of the Rembrandt's Head (Vigo-street) Mr. Wilfrid Ball exhibits upwards of seventy delightfully bright and characteristic sketches of "Hollandsche" scenery, infusing into it a warmth of colour which escapes casual observers. In his previous series of sketches of Venice, the Norfolk Broads, and other districts, Mr. Wilfrid Ball has given proof of his powers as a "miniature" landscapist, but, while his sketches are always on a small scale, they are not wanting in solidity. He succeeds in reducing his subjects to a small scale without

any sense of pettiness or mere prettiness. In the very first picture of this series, "Oude Rhyn, Leiden" (1), we get a very accurate idea of the effect of the old University town where Goldsmith passed so many happy days; and this is repeated in the "Spires of Leiden" (8), rising in their elegant sharpness against the grey sky. Of the spots on which Mr. Ball has loved to linger, "Egmond-am-Zee" (33), with its red houses half hidden among the green trees; the "Port at Dordrecht" (25), looking up the narrow canal; the "Cheese Market at Alkmaar" (40), with its fantastic belfry and the picturesque surroundings of Vollandam, are the most conspicuous. There are few, however, of these sketches that one need or would care to pass by without notice, for each calls up in one way or another the quaint picturesque life of a people in which the charm of old-world fashions seems to have lingered longer than in other countries of the Continent.

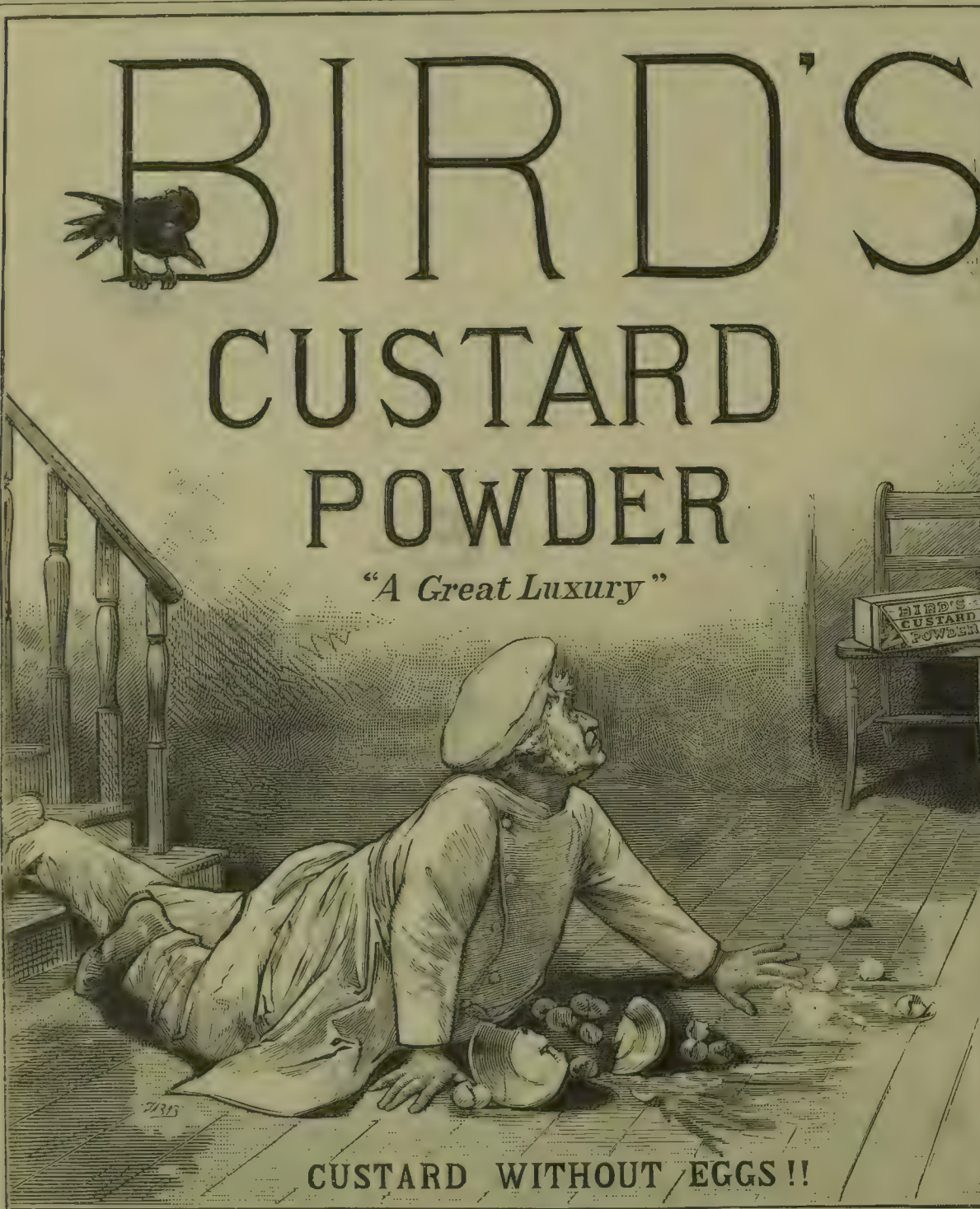
The Right Hon. Peter O'Brien was sworn in on Dec. 6, before Lord Ashbourne, as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. Subsequently Lord Ashbourne called Mr. Madden, M.P., within the Bar as Attorney-General for Ireland.

A carnival was held at Colchester on Dec. 5 in celebration of the seven-hundredth anniversary of the grant of the borough charter. A procession of over 1000 persons in masquerade costume, headed by groups of historical characters in chariots, passed through the town, and in the evening there was a torchlight demonstration, while the highest buildings in the town were lit with coloured fires.

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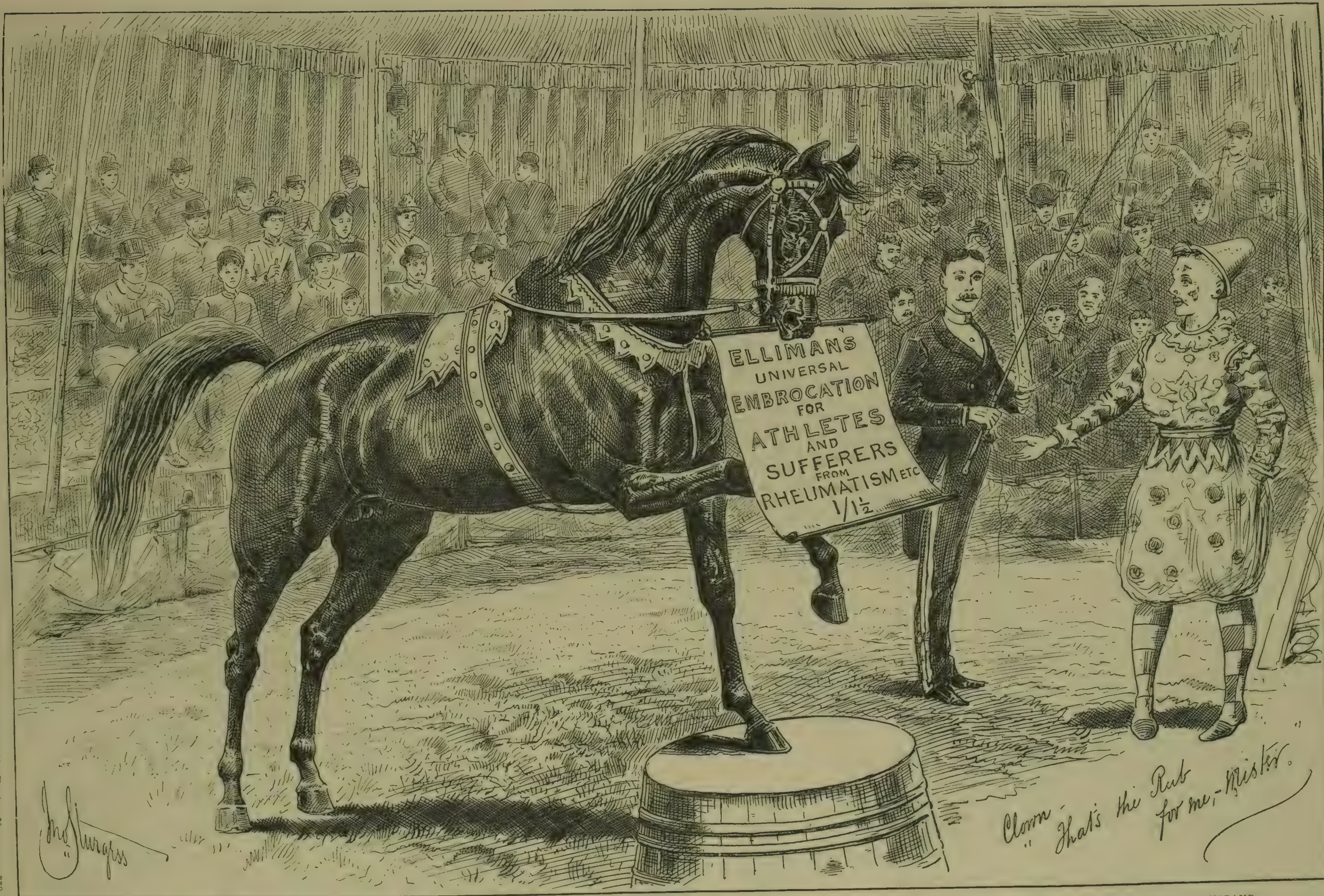
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For Ladies' Column, see page 774; Foreign News, page 778.

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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

An interesting wedding is the recent one of the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle to Professor Murray, the Professor of Greek at Glasgow University. Though he holds an office that seems to imply venerable age, the bridegroom is, as a fact, only five-and-twenty. The bride is a year or two younger. Lady Mary wore the orthodox white satin and lace, but her wedding was remarkable in some respects. She was attended to church by a procession of some eighty girls, all dressed alike in rose-coloured cloth gowns and white bonnets and shoulder-capes. These were the protégées—or, as she herself would say, the village friends—of the Countess, who has for years been the good genius of her own neighbourhood, under the courtesy title which she has borne till lately. It is not surprising to anybody who knows her Ladyship that she should have encouraged a marriage of affection between her daughter and a brilliant young scholar. Lady Carlisle is, in the best sense of the word, a democrat. She has been heard to say that she would prefer not to bear her title. But, as this is inevitable, she does with her position what is, to my thinking, a better thing than resigning it. She makes it a lever to help her in good works.

This surely is what it behoves us all to do with whatever "talent" we may possess; not to bury it, or even ignore it, but to use it as a power in trust. Rank, wealth, intellect, learning, beauty, eloquence, even such lesser advantages

as a sweet voice, a charming manner, pretty hair—anything that attracts or influences, is part of the individual's power. The use made of the power is a question of conscience; but to have it implies a responsibility, and at the same time gives help towards attaining good objects. So it is sad to see pretty women making themselves as plain as possible, smoothing down their curling tresses, and donning ugly dresses and disfiguring bonnets, or women of title hiding themselves in sisterhoods under an indistinctive alias, and the like, thus deliberately burying the "talent" which they should and which they really desire to put to use. So has not Lady Carlisle done. Her home has often been a refuge for poor and weary working-girls, to whom she has given a friendly welcome; and round her residences her influence has been beneficially felt among the girls and women in a dozen ways. Those who were present in their pretty dresses at Lady Mary's wedding were members of "The Castle Howard Girls' Friendly Society."

Sir James Linton is to be added to the large number of those over whom the personality of Mary Queen of Scots has thrown a fascination. His series of pictures of persons and incidents connected with her story, which is now on view, together with scenes associated with her life painted by Mr. Orrock, at Messrs. Agnew's, in Bond-street, contains some of Sir James's usual solid and interesting work, and is very attractive to all lovers of that romantic womanly figure. The pictures ought not to be called portraits. There are few authentic portraits now in existence of anybody associated with Mary

Stuart, and, in the cases where such do exist, Sir James has generally not elected to use them as his models. The only face which he has taken from a portrait is that of Darnley, and a charming picture he has made of it. It sets before one just the beauty and foolishness that did characterise the poor boy, who expiated his treachery and vanity by dying before he reached his twenty-first birthday under the murderer's strangling grasp. As to Sir James Linton's Mary Queen of Scots herself, she does not please me. She is too fat and too characterless.

How very different are the faces given of her in what are claimed, with some certainty, to be authentic portraits, may be seen by people who could not go to the Stuart Exhibition in a collection of nine photographs from those portraits, including "the Windsor miniature" and "the Blair portrait," issued by Messrs. Lombardi, of Pall-mall. The Windsor miniature, the property of the Queen, is the likeness which Charles I. had of his grandmother. The Blair portrait, with a sketch of the execution in the background, belonged to Elizabeth Curle, one of the two ladies who attended the Queen to the scaffold. These two portraits are not unlike. They show a remarkably high forehead, an oval face, a long nose, and the characteristic mournful, almond-shaped Stuart eye. Sir James Linton's plump girl, with her low forehead and short chin, is not Mary Stuart. But the picture is beautiful, and so are those of the four Marys. Mary Fleming's elaborate gold damask robe, velvet mantle, and

(Concluded on page 776.)

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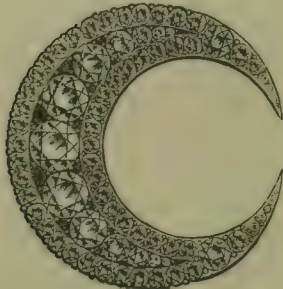
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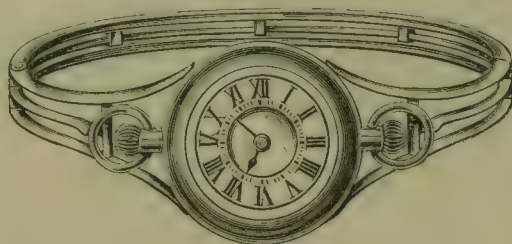
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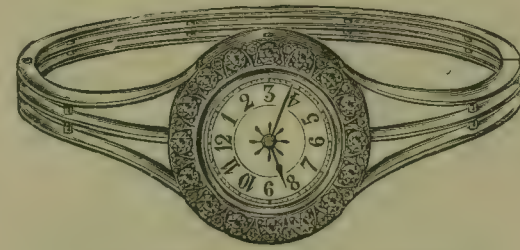
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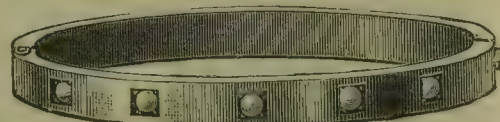
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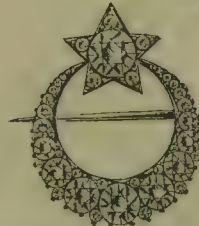
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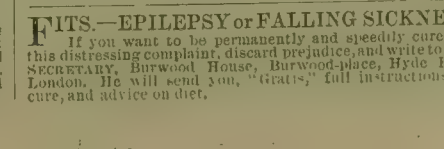
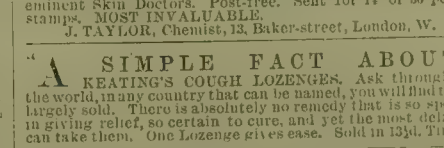
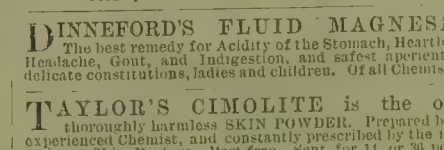
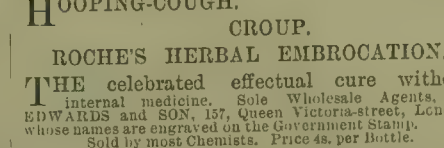
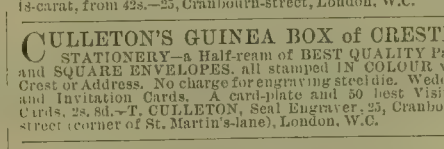
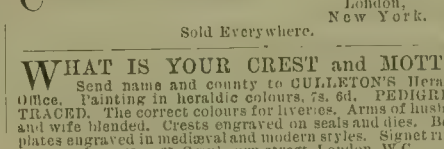
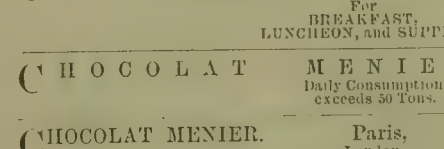
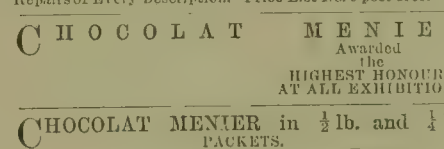
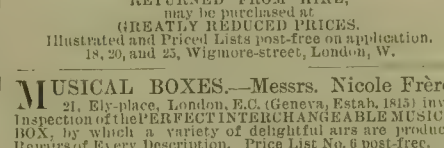
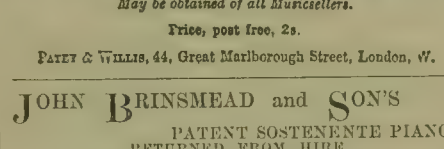
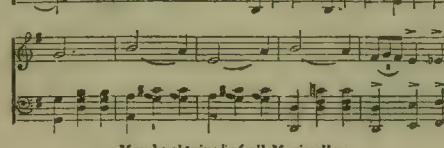
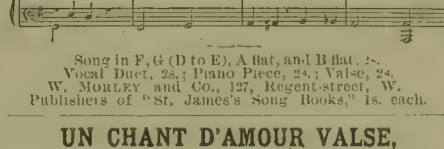
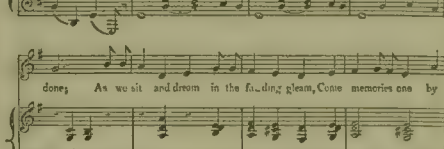
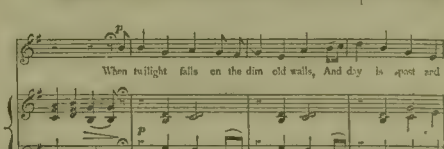
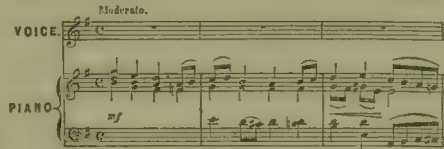
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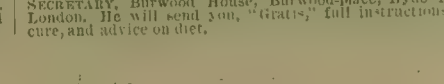
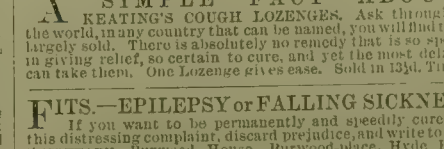
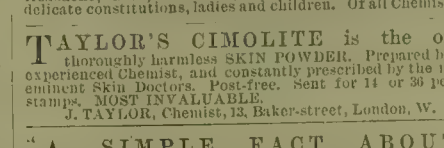
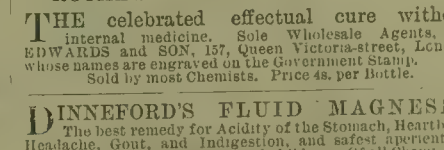
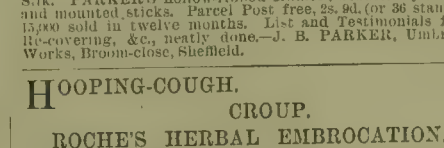
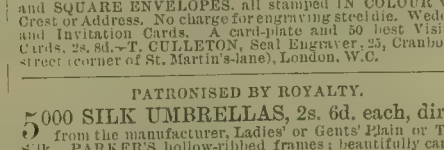
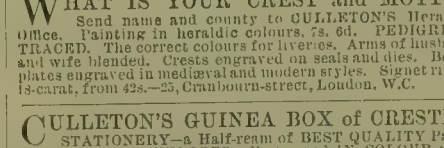
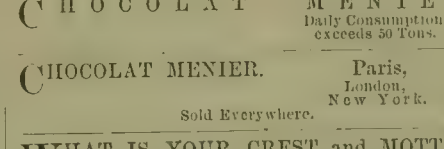
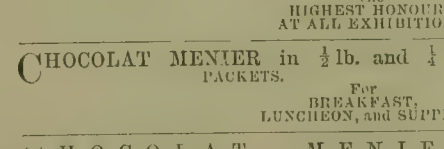
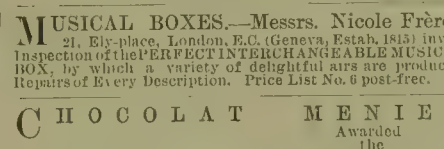
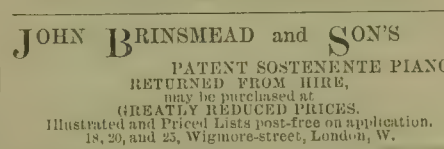
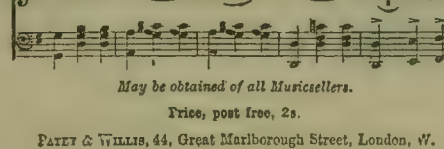
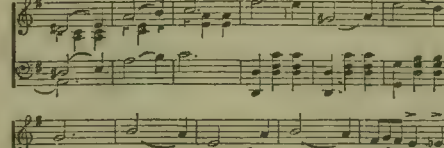
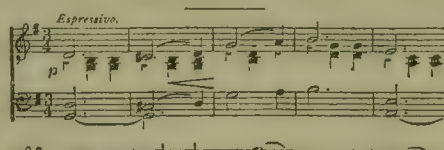
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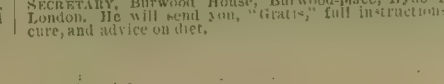
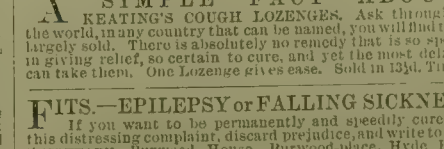
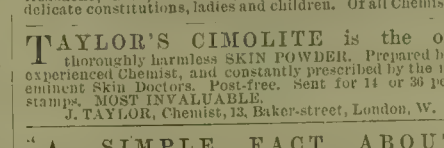
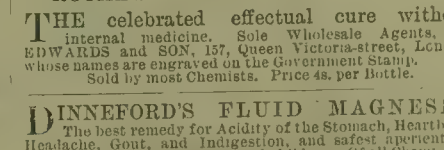
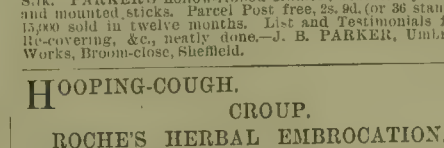
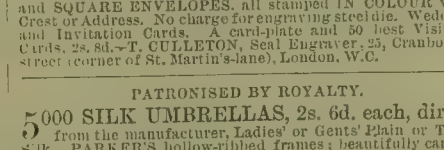
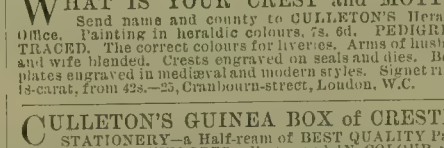
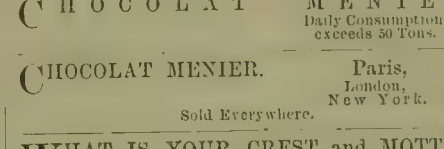
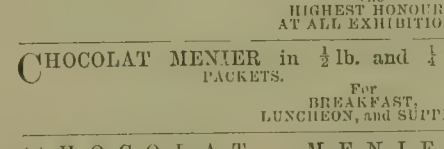
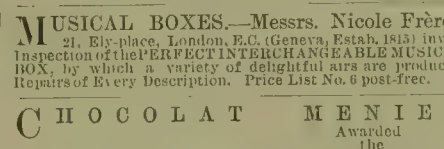
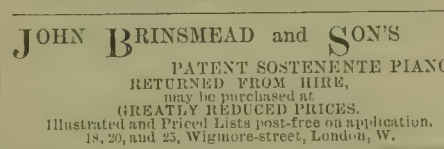
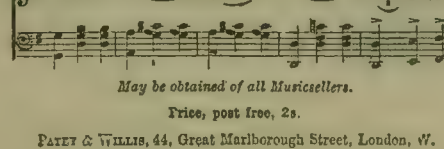
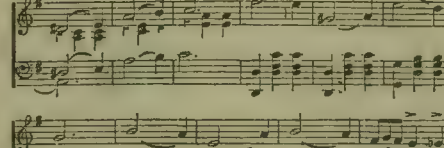
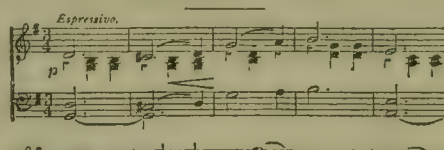
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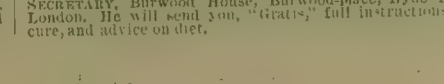
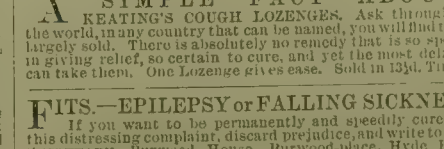
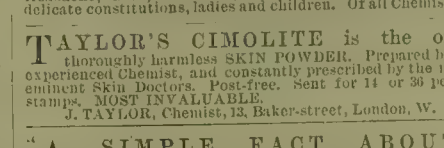
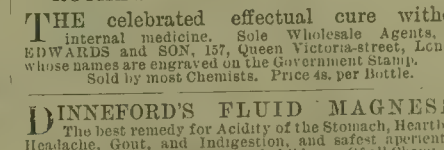
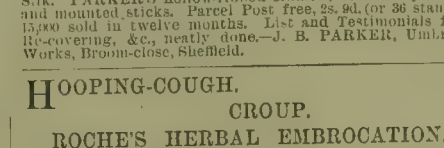
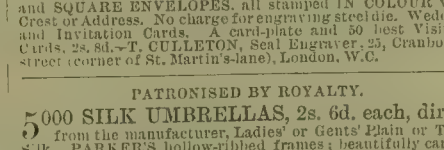
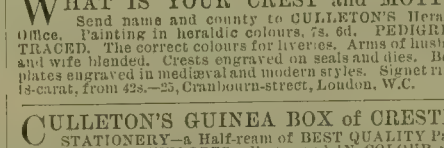
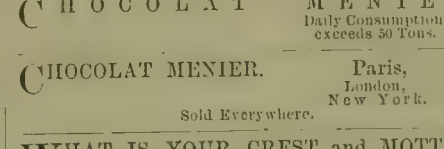
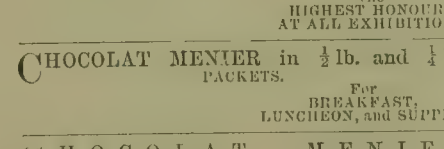
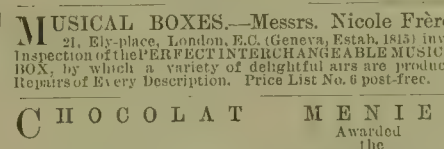
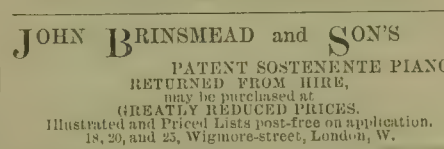
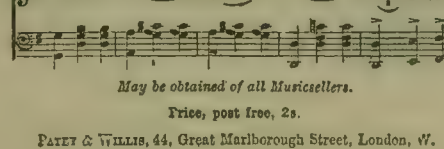
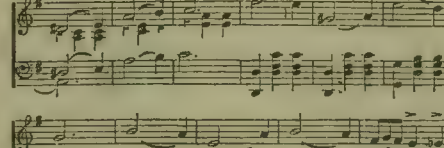
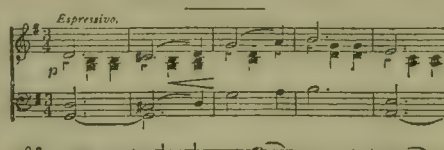
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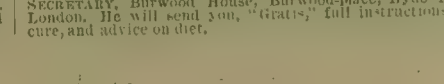
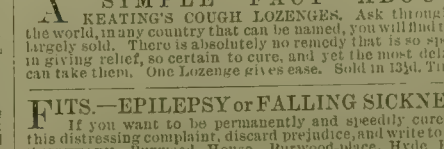
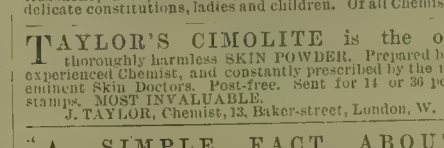
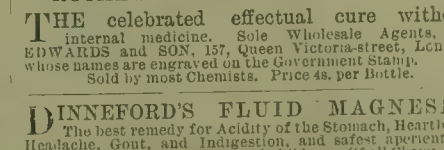
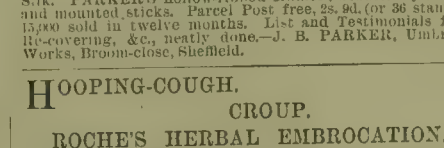
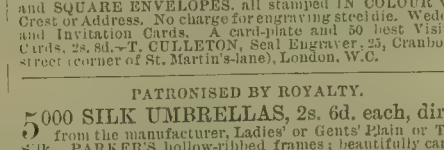
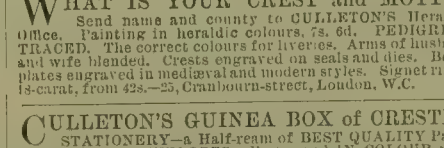
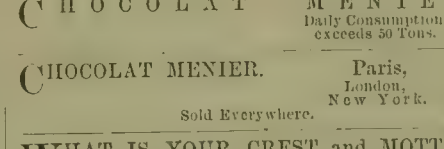
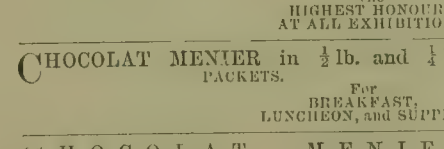
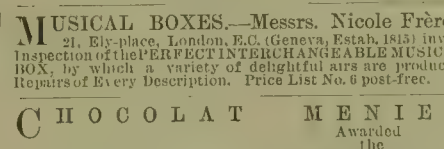
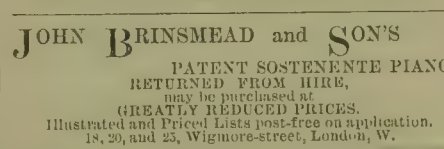
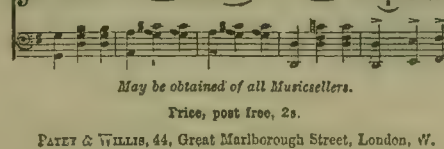
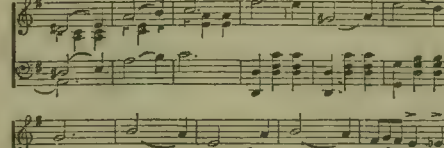
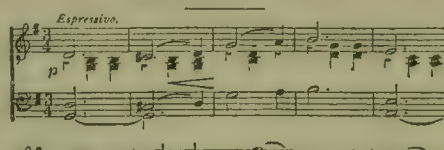
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## UN CHANT D'AMOUR VALSE.

by  
**FELIX BURNS.**

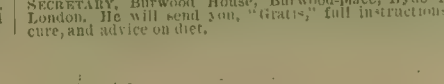
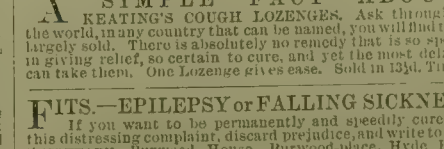
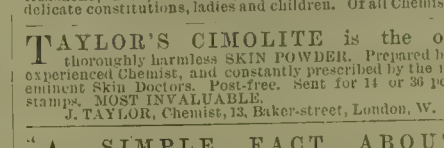
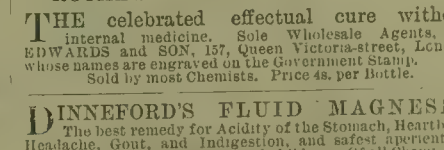
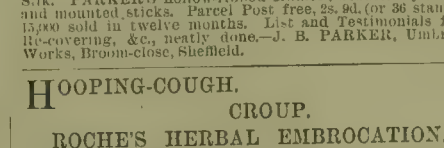
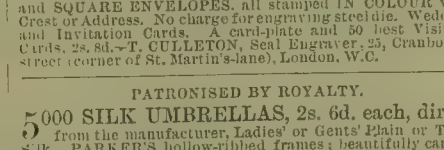
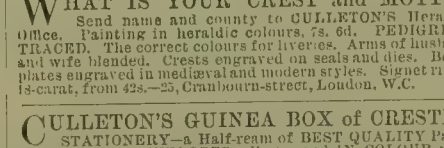
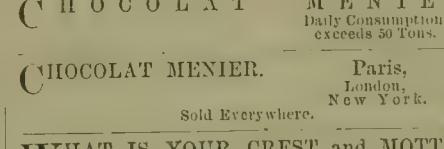
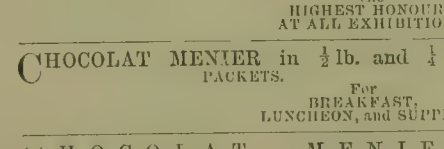
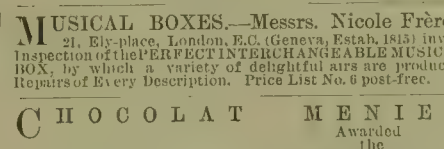
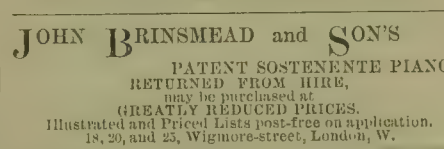
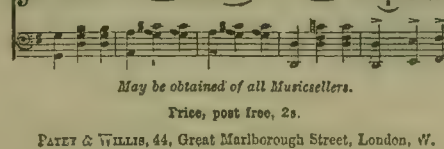
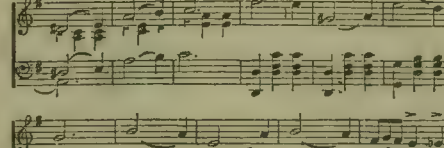
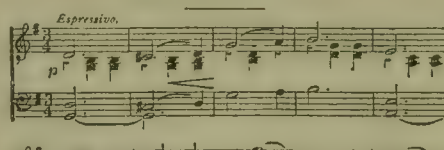
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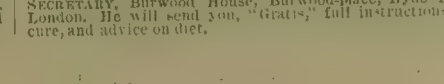
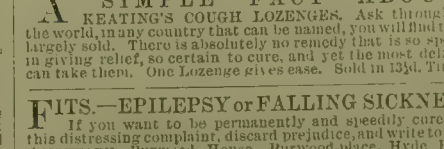
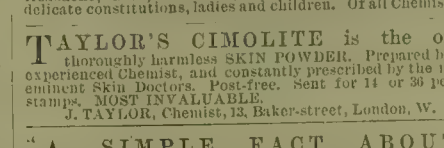
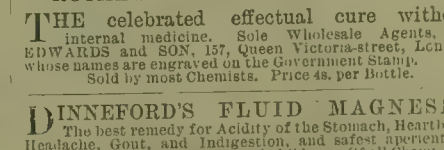
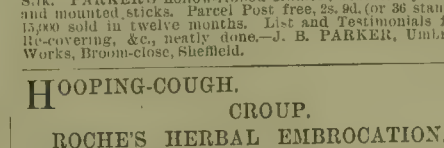
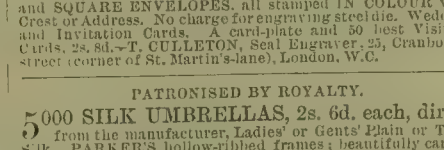
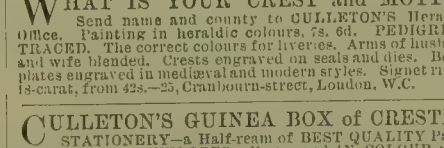
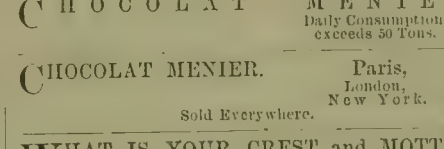
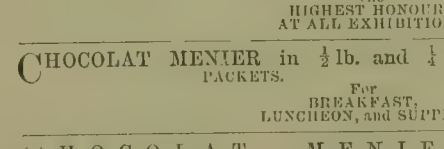
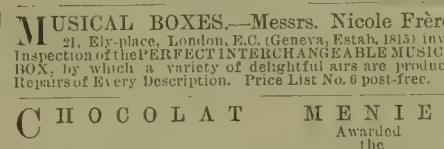
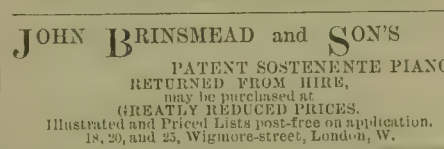
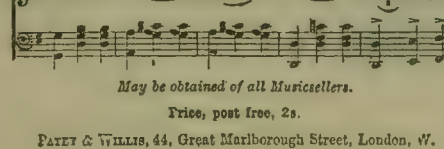
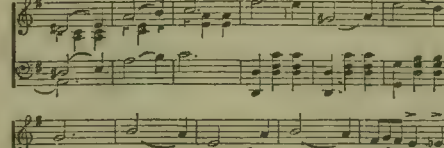
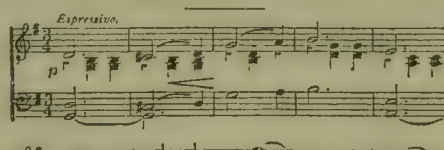
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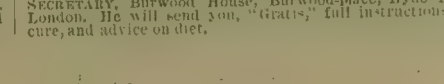
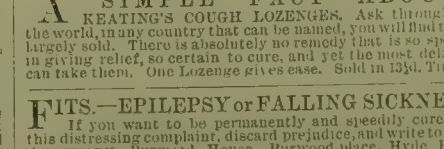
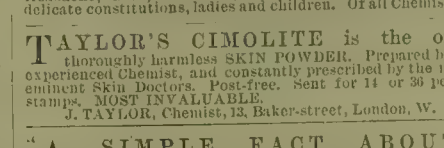
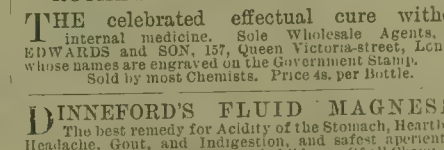
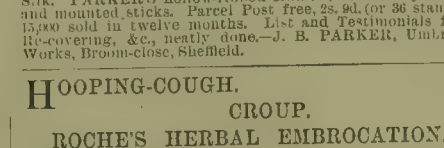
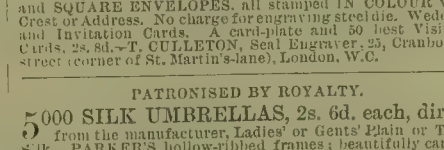
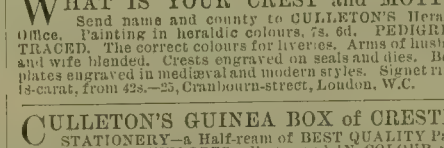
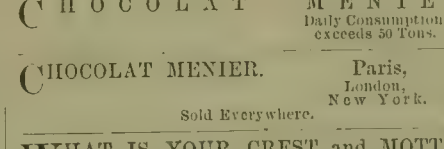
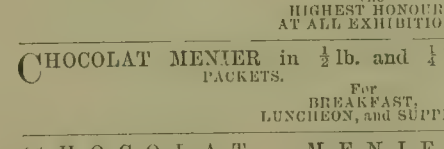
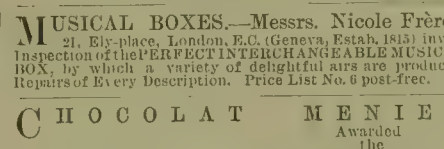
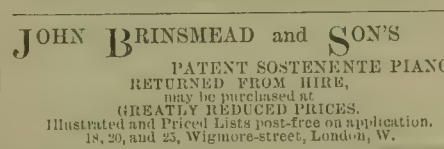
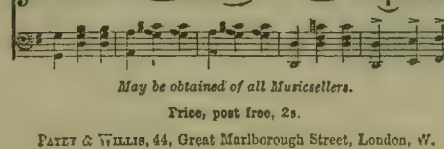
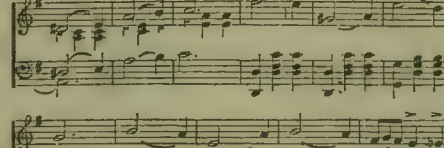
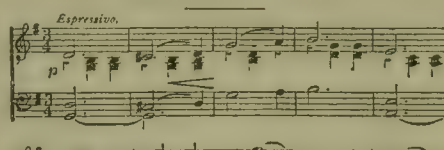
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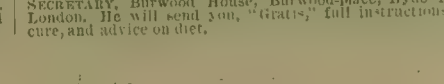
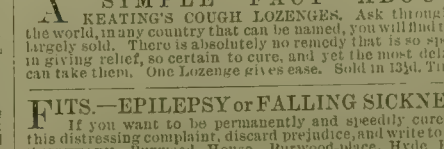
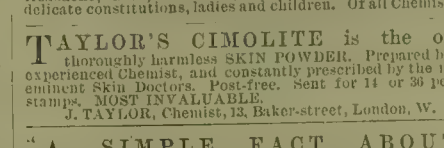
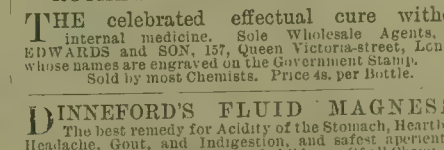
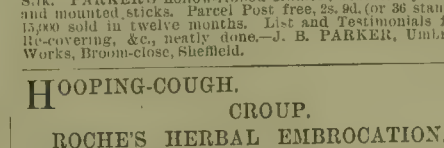
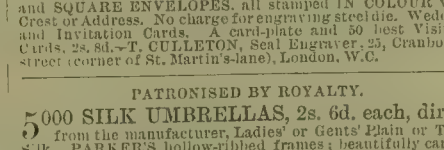
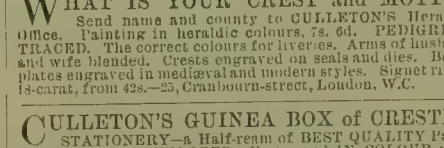
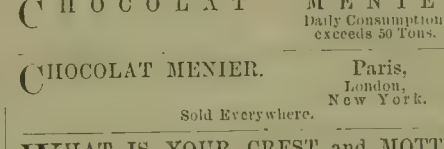
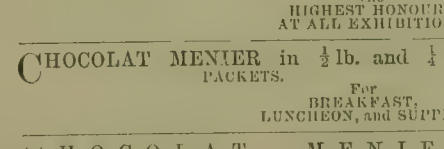
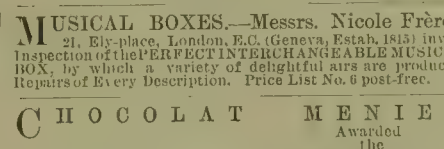
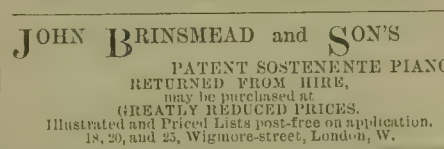
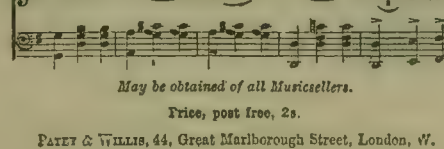
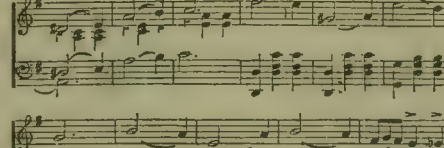
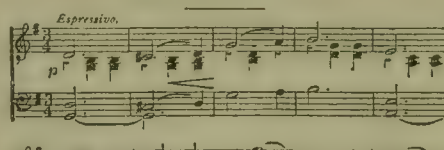
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## UN CHANT D'AMOUR VALSE.

by  
**FELIX BURNS.**

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## UN CHANT D'AMOUR VALSE.

by  
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jewels are painted with the conscientiousness and solidity of an old master, and some of the faces are exceedingly attractive. The most interesting circumstance, however, is that the exhibition should be held at all—another token of the still living power of that remarkable woman.

Mr. Theodore Stanton, in his monumental work "The Woman Question in Europe," observed that it is curious that in one country or another on the globe everything that women anywhere else are asking for is achieved. Women are placed under one legal disability as compared with men here and another there; but, by looking at other nations, each might see that no evil effects follow from enlarging our powers and liberties in the respects in which they are still defective. This has been recalled to my mind by the speech recently delivered in the French Chamber in favour of allowing French women to witness deeds and make legal declarations. How odd it seems to us in England that a Frenchwoman will not be received in her country's courts as a witness to a signature! She may not attest a birth, or sign any document whatever as a legally competent witness. Here, accustomed as we are to equality in this respect, it seems absurd to refuse such an ordinary power to women.

I have received several interesting letters from correspondents lately, for which I thank them most sincerely. Though it is impossible for me to reply to them, I hope they will believe that I read the letters with sincere interest and gratitude. One young lady of rank, in the course of an amusing note, asks me—"But now, do you really think that women could, if they liked, do all that men can do?" Well, I never committed myself to any such statement. I know that there have been women who have conducted great affairs of State, women who have fought in the army,

and all sorts of other things generally considered characteristically manly have been done by some women, and therefore, I suppose, could be done by many, if they turned their minds to such feats; but this is not saying that it is desirable that women should imitate men's doings—far from it! Speaking for myself, there is at least one thing that many men have done, and now do, that I shall never have the courage to do—even if I ever have the opportunity—I know. I have studied medicine, contested elections, written political "leaders"—all "like a man"—but I never, never should have the courage to go about with a bald head—"like a man!" Oh, no! There are some—nay, several—things which men constantly do that I hope I may never live to see women doing.

Children's frocks are now exceedingly pretty. The new style of puffed or full sleeves and much-folded bodices, with simple, almost straight skirts, makes up charmingly for the little unformed figures. Folded polonaise draperies from each shoulder, held in by a band round the waist, are suitable to growing girls. Little tots are equally well suited with yokes and full sleeves and plain draperies. Frills and flounces are not becoming to children, and happily they are not at all in fashion. Accordion pleating makes a nice evening frock for a little girl. In silk or nun's veiling, the accordion pleating arranged Princess style, with folded draperies from each shoulder to the waist and a sash behind, a most stylish little frock is made.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

A new photographic album has just been published by Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes, of 109, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., under the title of "Rhine Castle" Album. This is a novel means of holding photographs containing full-page

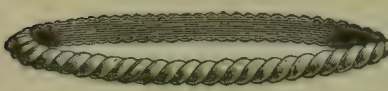
illustrations of well-known castles, and surrounding scenery, on the Rhine, drawn and painted specially for this work by Alfred de Breanski. The album is strongly bound in different styles, and has an elegant appearance.

The annual meeting of the County Cricket Council was held on Dec. 9 at Lord's, Lord Harris presiding. The principal subject of discussion was the classification of the counties, and a committee was appointed to make such a classification.

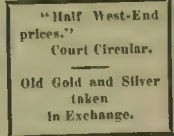
The Marquis of Salisbury has given £50 to the restoration fund of St. Martin's Church, Stamford, where his great ancestor, Lord Burghley, lies buried. Lord Salisbury represented Stamford in Parliament from 1853 to 1868.

The programme of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall underwent a change on Dec. 9, the first item being a new vaudeville in one act, called "The Verger," written by Mr. Walter Frith, with music by Mr. King Hall. The plot of the trifle is slight, and is chiefly concerned with Mr. Simon Beere, verger of the Cathedral of Charnminster, who imagines he is heir to a Dutch dukedom, and with the love-making of his daughter Lucy with her honest sweetheart Frank Herbert, and an unscrupulous private soldier, Robert Marshall. Mr. King Hall's melodious and unassuming numbers help to sustain the interest of the new vaudeville. Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Kate Tully, and Mr. Alfred Reed embodied their respective parts admirably. The characters of the two lovers were entrusted to new members of the company, Mr. J. L. Mackay and Mr. Avalon Collard, the latter a tenor with a pleasing voice, creating a favourable impression. "The Verger" was well received. Mr. Corney Grain's monologue "I've Taken a House," much improved since it was first introduced, brings the entertainment to a mirthful close.


NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.



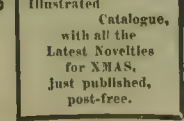
Gold Bracelet, £1 1s.




"Half West-End Court Circular." Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.



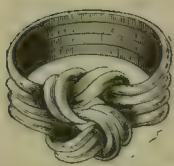
Best Gold and Fine Pearl Necklace, £10 10s.




Illustrated Catalogue, with all the Latest Novelties for XMAS, just published, post-free.




Gold Ruby Pearl Letter, Moonstone End, £1 10s. Any Initial same price.




18 carat Gold, £1 18s.




Best Gold and Pearl Brooch, £1 12s.



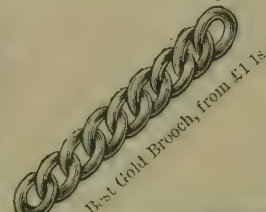
Best Gold and Moonstone Pin, Pearl and Ruby Tie, £2.




Diamond, Ruby, and Sapphire Butterfly Brooch, with Pearl or Moonstone Body, £4 15s. All Diamonds, £6.




Best Gold and Moonstone Lace Pin, Ruby and Diamond Tie, £2 12s.




Best Gold Brooch, from £1 1s.




Diamond Ring, also with Sapphire or Ruby, £6.



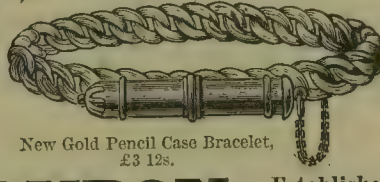
Fine Diamond Band Bracelet, from £10.



18 ct., Hall Marked, Pearls, Pearls and Coral, Rubies, or Sapphires, £1 1s.



18 ct., Hall Marked, Pearls, Pearls and Coral, Rubies, or Sapphires, £1 1s.



New Gold Pencil Case Bracelet, £3 12s.

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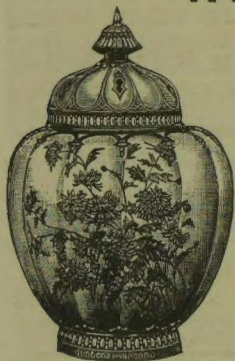
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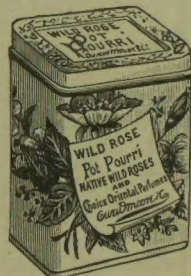
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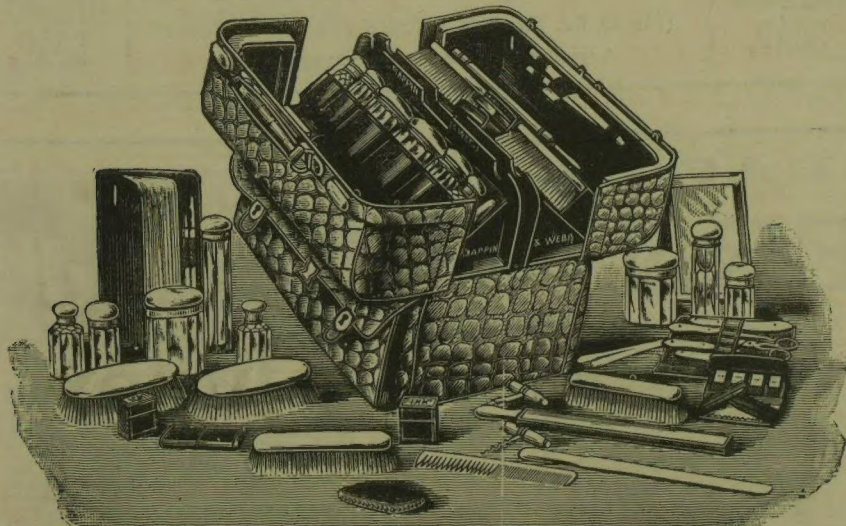
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## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Committee of the French Chamber have adopted, without discussion, the credit for the 600,000 francs demanded by the Government for the Secret Service Fund.

In the Italian Chamber the clauses of the Bill abolishing the differential duties against France have been approved.

The reply of the Portuguese Government to Lord Salisbury's despatch protesting against the decree of King Charles, by which large territories on both sides of the Zambesi were placed under Portuguese administration, has been delivered. The Lisbon Foreign Minister insists that the Portuguese Government had proceeded strictly within the sphere of its own rights, and sets forth at great length the reasons on which the decree was based.

The German Emperor arrived at Darmstadt on Dec. 6, on a visit to his uncle, the Grand Duke. There was a grand dinner at the Palace and a gala performance at the Opera. On the 9th he visited Frankfurt, where he obtained an enthusiastic reception. An address was presented to him by the Burgomaster, in reply to which his Majesty expressed the pleasure he had in visiting the city. He subsequently received the members of the Corporation in the Hall of the Butchers' Guild.—The Empress Frederick arrived at Naples on Dec. 4, after having visited Messina and Palermo. Her Majesty, who will make a stay of one month there, was welcomed on her arrival by the Prefect and Syndic of Naples, the German Consul and Vice-Consul, and the Greek Consul.

The Swiss National Council has approved the Budget for 1890, which estimates the receipts at 73,532,300 f. and

the expenditure at 85,598,300 f., thus showing a deficit of 12,066,000 f.

The Czar and the members of the Imperial family, attended by a number of high State officials, were present at the festival of the Military Order of St. George, which was held at the Winter Palace on Dec. 8.

On Dec. 11 Congress held a joint Session in the House to attend services commemorating the centenary of the inauguration of the first President, George Washington.

The Duke of Connaught was entertained at a Masonic banquet in Bombay on Dec. 9, when he was presented with the appointment of Honorary Grand Past Master of all the Scottish Freemasons in India.—The north-east monsoon broke out on the 5th. There is a considerable failure of the crops, causing much suffering among the inhabitants.

According to the Budget for the colony of New South Wales, the surplus at the end of the present financial year will amount to £52,000. The revenue for the ensuing year is estimated at £8,999,000, and the expenditure at £8,880,000, thus leaving a surplus of £119,000. No change is intended in the taxation of the colony.

Her Majesty has conferred the decoration of the Albert Medal of the second class on John Barber, A.B., of her Majesty's ship Lily. The Lily was wrecked off Amour Point, Forteau Bay, coast of Labrador, on Sept. 16, 1889, and seven of her crew were drowned. After her boats had capsized, and although it was known that two of the crew had been drowned near the same spot in attempting to effect communication with

the shore, John Barber, A.B., volunteered to swim with a line through the surf, which he successfully accomplished, enabling a 4-in. hawser to be hauled ashore, whereby communication was established and the rest of the crew were saved.

Mr. John Cameron Macdonald, manager of the *Times*, died at his residence at Waddon, near Croydon, on Dec. 10, after an illness of two or three months' duration.

The fine hall of the People's Palace presented a remarkable sight on Dec. 9, when it was filled by the students of the technical schools and their friends, on the occasion of the annual distribution of prizes. The report showed that during the year 5500 class tickets were issued, and that the total attendances on the 228 working evenings registered 77,143. At the May examination in connection with the Science and Art Department 2286 papers were examined, and of this number 292 obtained first-class certificates and 1155 second-class. The schools are provided with chemical and physical laboratories, and with benches and tools for the practice of almost every form of mechanical art. The low fees place this valuable work within the reach of the poorest artisan. The prizes and certificates were distributed by Mr. Ritchie, M.P., who, in the course of a brief address, referred in terms of commendation to the social and educational work which is carried on at the People's Palace under the scheme of the Beaumont Trust. This is set forth at length in an interesting report drawn up by Sir E. H. Currie. As a result, Mr. Ritchie drew the moral that never before in the history of the country was there shown so great an interest in the social condition of the people as was now the case.

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## Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: *the Composition of the Soap itself*, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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"I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

*Adelina Patti.*

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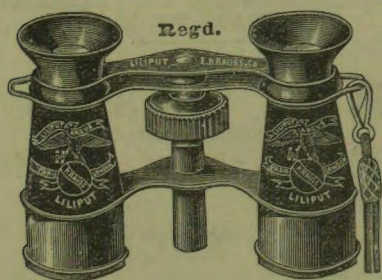
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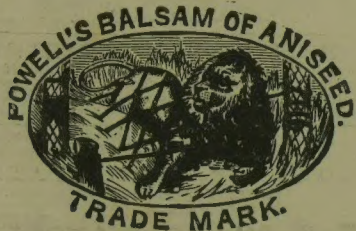
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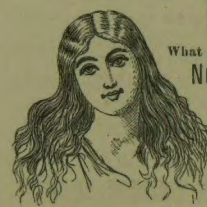
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